THE

FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS.

VOL. XI. M. M. BALLOU, {NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856. TERMS, {$2 00 PER ANNUM 5 CENTS SINGLE. No. 40.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A Tale of Kentucky.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

FORT WALDRON.

During this curious colloquy with Long Bill, the parties had halted. It being near noon preparations were made for a meal. Cooking in the backwoods is conducted in a style quite primitive and simple; and in this case did not long detain the pioneers. Lockwood was among the last to mount, having been engaged in conversation with Neverfail, who wished his opinion respecting the route to be taken, and the means of safety to be observed. When he was ready to place his foot in the stirrup, he perceived Judith and the Underwitted far in advance. The object of his admiration was soon hidden from view by one of the clusters of bushes with which the plain was dotted.

This gave him some uneasiness and he spurred forward to overtake her. He passed Higsby at a gallop, who frowned on him savagely, muttering threats, which did not, however, reach the ears of the borderer. Philena being near, Martin thought it would be a favorable opportunity to say something to the disparagement of Lockwood, sure that it would soon be whispered through the party, providing a certain amount of secrecy were enjoined upon her.

"This fellow either makes himself officious or he doesn't," proposed Higsby, riding very closely to Philena.

"That's a plain statement, and without persiflage," she said, in reply.

"You know or you don't know which," added Higsby.

"I don't wish to be forward or to cross the line of my sex, but I should say confidently atween you and I, that he *does* take a great deal upon him; and there's none of us good enough for his society but that giddy young girl."

"You either know where he comes from or you don't," resumed Higsby, with more emphasis.

"Dear me, how logical! I answer in the negative, Mr. Higsby, and say I don't; but if there's anything under the cannister of heaven that I mean to know, it's that. I intend to know it afore matters go any further," rejoined Philena, firmly.

"You're a young lady of sense," quoth Martin, with an air of much satisfaction. "I am glad indeed that there is one like you among us. You'll keep us in check when we go too fast, and urge us along when we go too slow. When I say that you're a blessin' to us, I don't care who knows it, though a certain person (looking after Lockwood) may turn up his nose at it."

"Some is wise in their own conceits," asserted Philena.

"True, very true. I don't think it a mark of a gentleman to disparage females (glancing after Theodore again), and I said so, and," he added, raising his voice, "I will repeat the offence as often as female virtue is assailed. That's my kind of logic."

"I always thought that you was a man of sensibilities; and a man that hasn't got sensibilities hasn't got honor, and isn't an enemy to proclamations. Now, for goodness sake, do tell me who this Mr. Clockwood *is*?"

Higsby was silent a moment. "It's an important secret or it isn't. We find it is. You're discreet or you're not. We find you are. You shall know all. We're unobserved and now is the time to tell you."

Martin thrust his head toward his intensely interested auditor, and said, in a startling whisper:

"He is a British Canadian and a *spy*!"

"You've give me a powerful turn, Martin Higsby!" exclaimed the amiable spinster, the instant that surprise unloosed her tongue.

While this scene was transpiring, the borderer reached the cluster of bushes where Judith had disappeared from view. She had stopped a few rods beyond, and as he came in sight of her, he was very sure he saw a figure glide away in the thicket. If it was the shadow of a bush or a tree, it was of curious shape, and close in its similitude to the human form. On Lockwood's mind it left a vivid impression of the form of a red man, surprised and seeking a covert. All his former doubts and surmises were instantly awakened with renewed force. Without pausing to reason, he urged his horse impetuously into the thicket, and rising in his stirrups, looked sharply about for the object that had excited his suspicion; but he saw only a swamp of vines and bushes through which a horse could not penetrate. Baffled yet eager, he rode from point to point, in expectation of making some fresh discovery; but nothing came of it, and he returned slowly to Judith, whom he watched with interest, as he drew near. Although possessing a powerful mastery over himself, he could not altogether conceal his chagrin and disappointment; while Judith was calm and noticed his coming with a smile, in which, it seemed to the borderer, there was something of mischief not unmixed with irony.

"Like the knight of La Mancha, are you attacking those bushes?" she asked.

Theodore Lockwood bit his lips, and with color somewhat heightened answered that he thought he had seen a figure glide into the copse.

"And did not you, may I not ask, Miss Waldron," he added, "see something of the kind?"

This query was manifestly unexpected, for it dashed the young woman's assurance a trifle, causing the tell-tale blood to make a perceptible demonstration in her face and neck, which was doubtless prettier to see than to experience; but this confusion was of the briefest duration.

"At the moment of your approach," she rejoined, with a sprightliness of manner quite enchanting, "I looked back to note who came, and that instant I suspect your active eyes saw the mysterious object of which you speak, and of your subsequent pursuit. Now, Mr. Lockwood, if I was watching your advance, how could I see an object nearly in an opposite direction?"

Lockwood smiled.

"Ingenious but not quite ingenuous," he returned. "That an Indian warrior could have been so near your bridle rein without being seen by you, is, to say the least, singular. Beside, here is this poor lad, who is so strangely sensitive to the proximity of a red man."

"Yes, surely, here is the lad. A good thought. Let us question him."

"I never shall be able to cope with this singular girl," thought Theodore, looking into Judith's glowing eyes.

"Please question Billy, Mr. Lockwood."

"Billy, my man, have you seen Indians about here?" he asked. Billy White looked at Judith, then turning his blank visage toward the questioner, replied:

"P-o-w-d-e-r-h-o-r-n-s!"

"There! I trust that is satisfactory!" said Judith, with one of those playful smiles that never failed to bewitch the borderer more irretrievably.

"Dear Miss Waldron! there is a mystery about all this which I confess is to me deeply painful!"

This avowal escaped him without premeditation. That it came up earnestly from the heart one that heard it could not doubt.

Judith's face flushed a little.

"Can you imagine for a moment that I am in treasonable communication with the enemy?" she demanded.

"I cannot. I have not thus viewed it. Other thoughts—other thoughts have—"

"Well, Mr. Lockwood?"

"Other thoughts have been suggested by the circumstances; but which I am free to acknowledge—"

"Go on, Mr. Lockwood."

"Which I am free to acknowledge savor of boldness in me. It is, very possibly, a matter in which I have no right to interest myself. Ah! your lip curls in contempt already. I beg you to forgive my—my—"

"Please proceed, Mr. Lockwood."

"Indeed, I have nothing to say. I know not what I *would* say, or what is proper to say. How can I go on when you rebuke me with your eyes, and marvel at my temerity? Believe me, I would not say a word to render your happiness less, or to wound you without object. Truly, Miss Waldron, I am interested in your welfare."

"And yet you doubt my principles. You doubt them most cruelly. I feel—I know it!"

"You are displeased, and of all persons living, I can bear your displeasure with the poorest grace. Indeed, your displeasure renders me miserable," answered the borderer, earnestly.

"And yet I know your thought. I have no explanations to make. Faith alone must make my conduct clear."

"Faith! It is a beautiful word. It is an angelic gift. There are moments," added Theodore, with increasing fervor, "when my faith in you is such that it purifies you from all taint of earthliness and exalts you above all human kind."

"Nay; I ask not such faith as that. Such a faith is unmerited," said Judith, in a softer tone and with averted eyes.

"I but ask," resumed the borderer, in a lower and deeper voice, bending toward her, "the dear privilége of cherishing such faith forever. Pardon my presumption—I ask it as an inestimable boon."

Lockwood's tones were pleading, his manner eloquent, his looks eager and excited.

"You confuse and embarrass me," Judith stammered. "Our—our—acquaintance is short, and—and—I fear we are observed."

"Let us quicken our pace. Pray oblige me. I would know what to expect from your own lips. I scarcely know what I am saying. My whole happiness is staked upon this hour. It is, I earnestly assure you. Say not our acquaintance is short. Time is measured by emotions, not by days. Miss Waldron, my—my love wants little of worship."

"I beg of you to desist! This—this is—premature. First you doubt me as never man doubted me before, and then—and then you profess love. How conflicting are your feelings."

"I cannot doubt you when near you. It is only when absent that ungenerous thoughts have birth, and even those come of my love. One look—one gesture of encouragement, and I am content."

"This is so sudden! I will consider—I—surely we are friends."

Judith held out her hand; Lockwood would have carried it to his lips, but she withdrew it.

"Friends? No more than that!" he exclaimed.

"To be friends is much. I will not bid you hope too much, neither will I forbid you to hope at all. Really, I am not fit to—to discuss so grave a subject to-day."

Judith was aglow with blushes which would not retire at her bidding, and dared not trust herself to encounter the ardent eyes of the borderer.

"I am indeed happy," he returned, "to be permitted to cherish the most remote expectation of your love. Judith—Miss Waldron—I am—I am grateful."

"Nay, be not too sanguine. Life has its chances and changes. The thing you hope may or may not be. The future will determine. With the future we will leave it."

Judith's suffused features and agitated manner possibly implied much that her words did not express. The borderer, perhaps, did not use his eyes to so much advantage as he might.

"I feel that I am premature in this avowal," he said, in a tone less hopeful. "You recall me to myself. This declaration of my sentiments—which has been from the impulse of the moment and not from premeditation—is indeed hasty and ill timed. I ought to have reflected that you do not know me. Everything connected with my birth, education and history, is to you perfectly unknown. I should have considered that character and previous habits of life have much to do with matters of this kind. But this is not the first instance in which the same passion that animates me has hurried persons hitherto thought wise and prudent into acts of folly and presumption. I have small claim to the kindness you have shown, and the forbearance you have manifested."

"Do not reproach yourself, Mr. Lockwood. What you are pleased to term folly and presumption, are both forgiven. Your sense and candor in adverting to matters of fact, do not lower you in my esteem. I have only to fear that I have seemed a more willing listener than maiden modesty will justify."

"Yours are the only lips that may with impunity make such a remark. By my honor! it will fare but ill with him who shall presume to question your maidenly propriety, either by word or look. To Theodore Lockwood you are all that woman should be."

"Pause there, if you will. You forget the mystery that has been so painful?"

The borderer blushed with the consciousness of guilt. He recalled his late suspicions and conjectures, and the uncharitable constructions he had at various times within the past week put upon the conduct of the fair being at his side.

"That I have been—"

A hand was laid upon his lips; it was Judith's.

"I will hear no apologies. I could expect nothing different. I will ask your charity still. Whatever circumstances surround me, think as friendly of me as possible. If my conduct should at any time appear mysterious, call reason to your aid, and—have *faith*."

"So be it. Let FAITH be the watchword. As I look at you now, you seem well worthy of *faith*."

"No flattery, if you please! Flattery is bad for weak-headed girls. It is agreeable, but—dangerous. *Our* friendship must be characterized by perfect sincerity."

"Miss Waldron, I am entirely sincere. I trust you will never find me otherwise. If I have the boldness to praise your beauty, it is but the incense of true admiration, which scorns a lie as something base. I do not expect you to know me at once. As you have observed, time will develop all things and bring us to know each other—should not life's vicissitudes separate us; a contingency, which, may Heaven avert!"

"Speaking of separation, reminds me of your projected mission to the Cherokee country. Can nothing dissuade you from this purpose?"

"The remonstrances of Judith Waldron would shake my resolution most; but as I have undertaken the perilous mission, to listen to *her* charmed voice, even, would be a violation of trust. Duty, it appears to me, points in that direction, and that, for me, is a cogent consideration."

"I respect your principles, nor would I wish to weaken them by word of mine; but you are to remember—and doubtless do—that the Cherokee is aroused and his wrath is implacable. The great chief, Alabamon, is for merciless war, and woe to the captives that shall fall into his hands. After what has occurred during our journey and since the hour of our acquaintance, will so operate against you, that the character of an agent—in which character you go—will not be sufficient to protect you."

"There is justice in what you observe, and dared I to hope that your warning words flow from a tender regard for my welfare, it would freight them with double worth."

"I have not come to confession," she rejoined, playfully. And then more seriously, "I think you will not forget the terms on which we are, at present, to meet. Do not take too much for granted."

"I shall be guided in—in this respect, solely by your wishes," Lockwood answered, with a sigh.

During the time of this conversation the Half-witted had ridden side by side with the parties, turning his vacant face curiously from one to the other. Sometimes it seemed to Lockwood that his feeble mind was striving to comprehend the passing scene, and to fathom the import of so many words and so much emotion. If there was an opening gleam of light at any time upon his visage, it was when Judith spoke. It was clearly a pleasure to him to hear the sound of her voice, whether he sensed her meaning or not.

"It is not probable that this boy has comprehended what has passed between us?" queried the borderer.

With a fresher glow upon her countenance, Judith turned her eyes upon the lad.

"Billy, what has this gentleman said?"

There was an interval of silence. Theodore perceived that a tear trembled in the youth's eye, while a more mournful expression played over his features. He said: "P-o-w-d-e-r-h-o-r-n-s," and to Lockwood his unique intonations were like the wailings of a young animal for its dam. But for this peculiarity, he would have smiled at the ludicrous unfitness of the rejoinder. He glanced at Judith, she was gazing intently at Billy.

"There is a magic influence that reaches even through the outer dullness of this youth," said Theodore, with feeling. "If there be a spell;" he added, "that can touch the imprisoned spirit of such an one, what wonder that stronger intellects are charmed."

"A truce to this, Mr. Lockwood! Judith Waldron is but common dust, with but little of that perfection which your teeming imagination ascribes to her. How long would poor Judith keep her senses, think you, were she to listen to such skilfully turned phrases?"

The galloping of a horse was heard close at hand.

"Let me caution you," she added, in a suppressed voice, glancing backward at the same time to see who came, "to beware of Martin Higsby. I think he bears you no good will."

"I can well believe that he bears me no good will," the borderer returned.

At that juncture Higsby himself galloped past them, favoring both with an inquisitive look. He reined up, presently, and allowed them to overtake him. His expression was not amiable, and Judith was subjected to a rigid and protracted scrutiny from his jealous eyes, which she bore with much calmness, though Lockwood was vexed and annoyed at his impertinence, and impatient to chastise his insolence.

"We shall reach the settlement to-morrow," said Neverfall, pointing with his long arm toward a certain quarter. He was right; on the following day the pioneers reached the place of their destination, where they were received by the few settlers who had preceded them, with great cordiality and good will; for in those troublous seasons an accession to their numbers was a desirable event.

A few cabins had been built and some improvements made; but the continual inroads of the savages had prevented extensive operations, keeping them shut up in fort for days in succession when their labors were needed upon the soil. Mr. Waldron and the majority of the new comers not liking the spot chosen for the nucleus of a town, a new site was selected. Every man entering into the spirit of the enterprise with a fixed resolution to succeed, the foundations of a permanent settlement were speedily laid. Cabins appeared as if by magic, constructed, too, in such a manner as to serve the purpose of dwellings and places of defence, being erected in a square and surrounded by strong stockades. In compliment to the projector of the enterprise this was called Fort Waldron. The forts of that period were usually made in that manner, with block-houses at the angles of the square, with the upper stories projecting two feet beyond the line of the cabins and stockades. Of course none of the elegancies of life could be found in these erections, nor did the pioneers expect to find them; but instead they had a glorious country, fertile lands, abundance of game, and were content to suffer deprivations—for the sake of possessing such a heritage and transmiting it to their descendants.

Lockwood's arm was now much swollen and inflamed, rendering a period of rest imperative. Nor was it a great self-denial for him to remain near Judith. The pleasure of seeing her daily more than compensated for the pain of his wound and the needful delay. It was now that he began to observe with not a little mortification a growing coldness toward him among the settlers. He was greeted by those who had hitherto been friendly, with suspicious looks, and not unfrequently was subjected to questionings, the real import of which he could not fathom. It was not long before he conjectured that his stay at Fort Waldron was destined to be much less agreeable than he had anticipated. He observed, too, with increasing surprise, that the deportment of Mr. Waldron was changed. He also grew reserved, and manifestly shared in the general feeling. Neverfall remained as formerly. He saw how the tide was setting against Theodore Lockwood, but it clearly gave him no concern.

CHAPTER XI.

DANGER.

Tired of inaction and scorning companionship that was not cordial, the borderer amused himself by long rambles in the forest. During one of these rambles, wearied with walking, he sat down beneath the shade of a tree to rest. A large grape vine had climbed the trunk and spreading upon the lower branches formed a grateful protection against the heat of the sun. While he was felicitating himself upon the happy chance that led him to this agreeable bower, he heard sounds that alarmed his practised ear and put him upon the alert. Parting the thick foliage and looking back, he saw Martin Higsby advancing cautiously upon his trail.

"So I am watched," said Lockwood, to himself.

Martin evinced much interest in what he was doing, peering this way and that with an eagerness that Theodore never saw him exhibit on any other occasion. As he drew nearer, it was also obvious that his face was pale and he was considerably agitated. A dark suspicion whirled through Lockwood's mind. No common purpose impelled the footsteps of Martin Higsby.

The borderer took off his cap, placed it on the muzzle of his rifle, and elevating it through the foliage to about the altitude of a man, made a slight rustling of the leaves with his feet. The eyes of Martin lighted upon this object with a savage gleam of hatred. Instantly a rifle ball went singing through the air, piercing the cap low upon the band. Theodore threw himself upon the ground with a crash and a hollow groan. Martin let his rifle fall heavily at his side, holding by the barrel with a nervous, tremulous grasp, while drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"It is done!" he exclaimed, "and Judith Waldron is his murderer!"

He drew a long breath, made a step forward as if to examine the body, seemed to change his purpose, and walked away much agitated. While his steps were yet audible, a voice said, "Lockwood!"

It was the voice of Neverfail, who approached hurriedly, and with some anxiety of manner.

"Lockwood?"

"Safe!" answered the borderer, arising.

"Rifles and Redskins! I'm not parfict; none of us is parfict; and if you're safe, it isn't by the good will of yonder assassin. He watched *you*, and *I* watched *him*. If that game was fair for him, it was fair for me. I was tempted to draw Suredeath upon him, but resisted, hopin' you had escaped with life, though the chances looked rather agin ye."

"I discovered the villain in time to avoid the catastrophe. If you will look at my cap, you will see a mark of the good will of Martin Higsby."

"Yes, I see; a hole just where your head would have been, pervidin' you'd had the cap on. You outwitted him fairly. This comes of jealousy. I aint parfict, as I've said; but I have my eyes about me at all times and make such use of 'em as I can. This isn't the first thing he's done to your hurt, or that he's attempted to do. He's been workin' agin ye a long time."

"I have observed with pain and mortification a growing coldness among the people of Fort Waldron. I have been made to feel that I am an object of suspicion. Even those—one, at least—from whom I might justly have expected something different, have grown reserved of late."

"I hope Miss Judith wasn't one of 'em, for I have a good opinion of the gal I shouldn't like to forfeit."

"I have seen but little change in the deportment of Judith. Her nature is too noble to be influenced by the lying tongue of rumor," rejoined the young man, warmly.

"I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Lockwood, both for your sake and her's; for I consider it gross injustice to think ill of one who has been of so much service to the enterprise as you have. Them's my views, and I aint afraid to speak 'em boldly. I have spoke 'em and will speak 'em agin. You've got the reg'lar fightin' grit when worst comes to worst, and that's what I can't say of a good many of 'em. This same Martin Higsby is a coward. Nobody but cowards play the assassin. What do you intend to do?"

"To return to the fort as usual, and say nothing of what has happened. To-morrow I will turn my back upon those who have ceased to be grateful for my services. I will set my face toward the country of the Cherokees in the fulfilment of my too long delayed mission. The danger is imminent, and I feel that I ought to relieve you of any engagement you may have made, either positive or implied, to accompany me. I do this from a sense of duty. You may therefore consider yourself under no obligations whatever, to go with me, notwithstanding anything that may, at various times, have passed between us. That, I think, is settled!"

"Rifles and Redskins!" said Neverfail, very quietly.

"In the morning I will bid you all adieu, mount my horse, and with my rifle at my saddle-bow, look toward the land of the fierce Cherokee, trusting to that Providence that appreciates and prospers every pure motive."

"You will see Judith first?"

The borderer's sunburned checks grew ruddier at the allusion.

"That is my wish, I confess."

"I could have sworn it! I know how it is with young fellows. Dimity exercises a great deal of influence over 'em. There was a time when I'd ride ten miles in a storm to see a nice piece of dimity. But them days is gone."

Neverfail looked down and sighed.

"You regret that period of your life?"

"Not exactly—but I should say that the courtin' days are the best days. Lengthen 'em out—lengthen 'em out, by all means. Draw all the sweetness out of life as you go along. Leave nothin' to regret and sigh for in after years when age has robbed you of sentiment and potency."

"Pleasant counsel for young blood, whether philosophical or not," returned Theodore, with a smile.

"Let us to the fort. Your friend Martin Higsby will be glad to see you."

"No doubt! No doubt!"

Before they came within sight of the fort the parties separated. Neverfail preceded Lockwood and went in first; ten minutes after the latter followed and presented himself at the gate, which was kept closed night and day and guarded. Gaining admission he passed directly to Waldron's cabin. He met Judith at the door. He entered. Long Bill was within. He sat in a corner and amused himself by staring at Judith, in whose features he seemed to find much to interest him.

"How do you get along?" Lockwood asked, rather abstractedly.

"On my legs, usually," rejoined Mr. Piper.

"It was a meaningless question, I'll allow. It would have been more to the point to have inquired how you like here?"

"To stick to facks, I aint pleased, over and above. You see it isn't safe here. There's too many Ingins—too many Ingins! Why, I went out this very afternoon and come near being surprised."

"Did you see many of them?" continued Lockwood.

"About a thousan', I should say, by the multiplication-table. The woods is full of 'em. It's an awful kentry. I wish I was out of it."

The borderer wished he was out of it, too, for he wanted to see Judith alone. While endeavoring to hit upon some expedient to rid himself of the society of Piper, Mr. Waldron came in, accompanied by Martin Higsby. The latter paused on the threshold and became exceedingly pale. He trembled, too, and leaned against the door for support. The cause of his agitation was to Theodore apparent; although Judith was at a loss to account for it. He stammered a hurried incoherent apology, and made an embarrassed exit.

"Our friend Higsby does not feel quite at ease," said Waldron, glancing at Judith.

"I wonder he does not!" observed the borderer, smiling. This was uttered by the latter in a quiet tone, but it appeared to Waldron to contain so much significance that he turned and looked earnestly at the speaker, whose countenance seemed placid as usual.

At this moment Neverfail made his appearance, and Lockwood was not sorry to see him; for his confidence in the man had grown daily until it assumed the form of friendship. The borderer was holding his cap in his hand, and he noticed that Long Bill had been looking at it for the last minute.

"If 'tisn't too much trouble, I'd like to know what made that hole?" he asked, when he could restrain his curiosity no longer.

Judith instinctively glanced at the cap and saw the perforation made by the bullet. Neverfail was observing her. He saw her grow pale, and saw the pallidness driven away by a conscious blush.

"I was fired at," replied Theodore, carelessly.

"And hit, one would think," remarked Waldron, who now took the cap and examined it.

"The ball passed entirely through. Here is where it passed out on the opposite side," he added. "If this cap had been on your head at the time, the ball must certainly have passed entirely through your brain and come out near the centre of the forehead. How did this happen, Mr. Lockwood?"

"Encompassed as we are by enemies, it is by no means extraordinary that one should be fired at," answered Lockwood.

"That is but a meagre explanation of the mystery," said Judith.

"Ah, Miss Waldron, it will not do to meddle with mysteries, you know! They must be let entirely alone!" returned the borderer, playfully.

"A fair retort!" returned Judith, somewhat confused by this home thrust.

"To return to the question," resumed Lockwood. "I suspect my cap was partially raised from my head by a grape vine under which I was passing at the moment the—the Indian fired."

When he came to the word Indian, he looked up and encountered the searching eyes of Judith bent upon him.

"A narrow escape, upon my word!" quoth Waldron, dubiously.

"The same has happened to me at least a dozen times—by the multiplication," added Piper.

"I flatter myself," said Philena, appearing from the adjoining compartment of the cabin, where she had been an interested listener of the foregoing conversation, "that I know the line of my sex's limits, and stan'in' on my privileges, I do desire to say that this is a dreadful country to live in, and that there is a terrible state of society among the Ingins."

"Jes' so! I like to see folks stick to facks, becaus figgers is facks, and facks is figgers, and figgers is refmetic. To the best of my judgment there wont be one of us alive in two months from this date," responded Piper, gravely.

"Mournful spettakel!" exclaimed Philena.

"I know from good authority," said Mr. Waldron, "that the British are stirring up the savages to commit depredations upon the settlers. Indeed," looking at Lockwood, "it is said that they have their paid emissaries among us. The truth of this, however, I cannot vouch for. Have you heard rumors to this effect, Mr. Lockwood?"

"If you mean by the term 'among us' the good people of Fort Waldron, I can truly say that I have heard no such report; but if your meaning is wider, extending to all the settlements on the river, I can answer in the affirmative. It is highly reasonable to suppose—being at open war with Great Britain—they should have spies along the border settlements. We may take it for granted that such is the case. The policy of war naturally suggests it."

It was obvious to Judith and the forester that Waldron watched Lockwood closely during this rejoinder; if the borderer noticed the same, he did not indicate it by word or manner.

"It would give me inexpressible pain to believe that a paid emissary is in our midst, sharing alike our confidence and our hospitality, and a party to our plans. Such a conviction would grieve me to the heart; it would weaken my faith in human nature, which at best is none too strong," added Waldron.

"Show me that man, Gov'ner," said Neverfail, "and I'll bring his agency to a sudden end."

"The limits of my sex forbids me to speak," deposed Philena, solemnly.

"I'm glad on it!" rejoined Neverfail, bluntly.

"Them that wishes to can forget the respect due to the feminine race; but their persiflage will be met with scorn."

"Jes' so!" affirmed Long Bill.

"I aint parfict!" added Neverfail.

"There's some things needn't be told of, because everybody knows it, and they're a mournful spettakel on account of it. Logic is logic and spies is spies."

"And Martin Higsby is Martin Higsby, I take it. Rifles and Redskins!" retorted Neverfail.

At the mention of Higsby, Waldron was perceptibly embarrassed.

"Logic is not persiflage and persiflage is not logic," asserted Philena, confidently.

Mr. Piper was good enough to say "Jes' so! Stick to facks."

"Proclamations and British spies is what I despise. I'd say it if I was to stan' at the p'int of the bagonet for it the next minute. I've either a right to or I haven't. We find I have. It's either in the limits of my sex or it isn't. We find it *is*."

Here was an exhibition of profundity of thought little short of astounding, and furnishes a powerful argument in favor of woman's rights.

"A person is a spy or he isn't a spy. We find he *is*—persiflage and proclamations to the contrary, notwithstandin'. Women have strong minds or they haven't. I could name them that will find that *some* of 'em *have*. Within a few days I've heard information from voracious authorities that is well calculated to give one a powerful turn. We're sold to the Britishers for thirty pieces of silver. Mournful spettakel!"

"Yes and truly!" proclaimed the redoubtable voice of Obed Slingsby, who, it now appeared, had been having a pleasant conference with Philena in an adjoining room.

"The pious Lodovic hash abundantly shown that the devil dwelleth in the children of men. It seems that we are sold to our enemies and they have only to come and take us."

"To take us would be an easy matter if we were all like you!" retorted the forester, with an impatient motion toward Suredeath.

The door of the cabin was thrown open by Nolan, whose face was red and excited.

"Gentlemen, there is a meeting of the settlers within the limits of the fort, and all are wanted there on important business."

"Let us go," said Neverfail.

Judith glanced anxiously at Lockwood, who managed to be the last to leave the cabin. He spoke to her as he lingered.

"To morrow I set out for the country of the Cherokees. I would see you before I go."

"Come to my window to-night. I owe you too much to deny your request. Besides, I have communications to make which are already too long delayed. But, indeed, I fear you will know all before I can have an opportunity to speak with you. I have confidence in your integrity—whatever may happen!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BLIND BEATRICE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A SONATA.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

When, by favor of fortune, I formed acquaintance with Beethoven, he was in the epoch of his career between seedtime and harvest. His compositions had been given to the world, some of those which singly will stand as everlasting monuments to his genius; but the world takes its own time for acknowledging benefactions; and he waited, while hope deferred sometimes made the heart sick.

The great man was then very poor. Instead of dwelling, as he did later, proprietor of a chateau on Rhine Street of his native city, he rented an attic over a humble little refreshment stall near Romans' Place. He had, however, his piano, pen, paper and ink, and, notwithstanding his privations, saw many an hour of happiness.

It was in one of his deplorably contrasting moods that I found him one winter evening, sitting at a window in the moonlight, his face concealed in his hands, without fire or candle, his frame quaking with cold. Such was the state of his wardrobe, that he proscribed himself the promenade by day; I had called for the purpose of taking him out, and to make him sup with me afterward.

I soothed his sighs, solicited his company, and exhorted him to cast off his sadness. He went with me, but continued gloomy and despairing, and refused every encouragement.

"I hate all the world," said he, with vehemence.

"I hate myself. Nobody comprehends, nobody cares for me. I have genius, and am treated like an idiot. I have a heart, and no object to love. Would to Heaven, all was over, and forever! Would I was lying tranquilly at the bottom of the river yonder! There are moments when I have difficulty in resisting the temptation to throw myself there," and he pointed to the great Rhine, with its icy waves scintillating in the moonlight.

I made no reply. It was useless to discuss with Beethoven, so he was allowed free course in his paroxysm. He checked himself only when we re-entered the town, and then fell into morose silence.

We were traversing a dark, narrow street near Coblentz gate. Suddenly he halted.

"Hist!" said he, "what sound is that?"

Lending an ear, I heard faintly the strains of an old harpsichord issuing from some house at no great distance. It was a plaintive melody in three time, and, in spite of the ingratitude of the instrument, its execution gave to it a sublime tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes.

"It is my symphony in F," said he. "That is the house. Listen. How well it is played!"

The dwelling was small and plain. A light shone through the blinds of the window before which, when we reached the place, we stood rapt listeners. The music continued, and every note was rendered with the same fidelity and the same expression. In the midst of the finale there was a sudden cessation. A moment's silence ensued, then we heard a stifled sigh, with a female voice saying:

"I cannot go on—I can go no further, to-night, Friedrich."

"Why, Beatrice?"

"I do not know why, except it is because the symphony is so beautiful that I feel entirely incapable of playing it worthily. O, what would I not give to be at Cologne this evening! There is a concert at the *Kauffhaus*, and they will give every variety of choice music."

"Ah, dear sister," returned Friedrich, sighing, "it is necessary to be rich in order to procure such pleasures. Of what use are regrets, where there is no remedy? We hardly can pay our rent. Why think of those things which are above our reach?"

"You are right, brother, yet in playing I am seized with a longing to hear for once in my life good music well executed. But it is useless, useless."

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of these last words. Beethoven turned to me.

"Let us enter," he said, excitedly.

"Enter? How? For what purpose?" I exclaimed.

"I will play for her," he responded with enthusiasm. "She has sentiment, genius, intelligence. I will play for her, and she will appreciate me."

Before I could restrain him, his hand was upon the door. It needed but the raising of the latch to open it. I followed along an unlighted corridor, to where a door on the right was standing ajar. He pushed it and we found ourselves in a chamber poor and bare, with a little stove at one end, and a few common articles of furniture neatly arranged.

A pale young man sat at a table employed in making a shoe. Near him, leaning in melancholy air upon the instrument she had been playing, was a young girl over whose symmetrical figure fell a profusion of rich blond curls. Both were neatly though very plainly apparelled. Both started to their feet at our unceremonious entrance.

"Pardon me," spoke my companion, considerably embarrassed, "pardon me, but—I heard music and was tempted within. I am a musician."

The sister blushed; the brother took a stern, almost haughty aspect.

"You were wishing to hear," continued Beethoven—"that is, you would like—in short, shall I play you something?"

The incident was so odd and so abrupt, and the manner of the person who had spoken so pleasantly eccentric, that the ice was broken at once; all smiled involuntarily.

"I thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our instrument is bad, and besides we have no music."

"No music?" repeated my friend, "how then does the young lady—"

He interrupted himself and colored, for she of whom he was speaking had just turned toward him, and in the sad eyes half veiled by their long lashes he recognized that she was blind.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered he, "but I had not observed before. You play, then, from memory?"

"Entirely."

"And where did you hear this music, since you attend no concert?"

"I heard it from a lady who was our neighbor when we lived at Bruhl two years ago. In summer evenings her window was always open, and I used to walk before the house to hear."

"And you have never heard music elsewhere?"

"Never—except that of the streets."

She seemed intimidated as Beethoven added not a word, but the latter calmly seated himself at the harpsichord and commenced playing. He had no sooner sounded the first notes, than I divined what was to follow, and how sublime he would be that evening. I was not mistaken. Never, never during the years I knew him intimately, did I hear him play as he played for the blind girl and her brother; never with such energy, such passionate tenderness, such infinite gradations of melody and of modulation. He was doubly inspired; and from the instant his fingers began passing over the instrument, its tones seemed to soften and become equalized, as though it were awed and charmed into order and subjection before his superlative genius.

We sat, with panting breath, listening to him. The brother and sister were transfixed with delightful astonishment, and like persons entranced. The former had put away his work; the latter, her head a little advanced, almost touched the end of the harpsichord; her hands pressed to her heart, as if she dreaded lest its beating should trouble those accents of so magic sweetness. It seemed that we were all subjects of a strange dream, and our only fear was of waking from its bliss too soon.

Suddenly the flame of the only candle vacillated, the wick, consumed to the end, fell and was extinguished. The musician ceased. I opened the shutters to admit the rays of the moon. The apartment was nearly as light as before, while upon the instrument and its player the illumination fell more clearly.

But the occurrence seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head was inclining upon his breast, his hands rested on his knees; he appeared plunged in profound meditation, and thus remained for some time.

At last the young shoemaker rose up, and approaching him, said in a low and respectful voice:

"Wonderful man, who are you?"

Beethoven raised his head and looked at him with an abstracted air, as if he did not comprehend his words. The other repeated them. The composer smiled as only he knew how to smile, with a gentleness and regal benevolence.

"Listen," said he, and he played the first measures of the symphony which had attracted him to the house.

A cry of joy escaped the lips of the youthful listeners. They recognized him, and exclaiming, "You are Beethoven!" covered his hands with kisses and tears.

He rose to depart, but our supplications restrained him.

"Play for us one more piece—only one more."

He returned to the instrument. The moonrays entered brightly at the uncurtained window and illuminated his severe and massive brow.

"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," he said, with a sportive air.

He contemplated a few moments the heavens sown with stars, then his fingers sought the keys again, and he commenced in a low, pensive, but most exquisite strain; the harmony coming out of the instrument softly and evenly as the light of the moon is nightly shed upon the earth. This delicious overture was followed by a sprightly, fantastic *morceau*, that seemed fitting for a fairy dance upon the greensward. Then came a rapid *agitata finale*, a movement palpitating, tremulous, precipitant, describing flight and incertitude, a vague, instinctive terror which bore us on shivering wings, and left us at its close silent and amazed.

"Good evening," said Beethoven, abruptly, pushing back his chair and moving toward the door.

"You will come again," entreated the brother and sister at the same time.

He paused and regarded the blind girl with compassion, even tenderness.

"Yes, yes," responded he, precipitately. "I will come again, and will give the young lady lessons. Good evening—I will come again soon."

They followed us to the door in silence more eloquent than words, and remained standing on the sill till they could no longer see or hear us.

"Let us hasten to my room," said Beethoven to me in the street; "let us hasten, in order that I may note this sonata before I forget it."

We entered, and he remained writing long after daybreak. Such is the history of the *Sonata to the Moonlight*, which is so much admired.

What of blind Beatrice? Beethoven fulfilled his promise to become her instructor; her improvement was even beyond what could have been anticipated. In a short time she received a few pupils, and when it became known that her talent had been guided by the great master—whose star was now risen never to set—applications counted ten-fold more than could in any wise be entertained.

I must ever remember the expression of childish joy and unutterable thankfulness with which Beatrice welcomed her noble friend, when one fair morning of the following spring, we once more entered her home together. Coming up to him, she put into his hands, without his suspecting her intention, some gold coins, the first meed of her efforts as instructress.

Beethoven glanced at the money and returned it with gentle force, clasping the white fingers over it and retaining the folded hand in his own. How holy a look was that which gleamed from his features! it was the balm of all beautiful emotions. I know that Beatrice's spirit eyes beheld, and that her soul was sweetly laved.

"Do not—you will not refuse it," pleaded Friedrich, advancing to us with a half-made shoe in one hand; "you, who have made us so rich in happiness. Shortly we may be able to reward you further."

"Say no more—I do, and shall decline such reward now and always," replied Beethoven, decisively, though I was at a loss to know how the united eloquence of the two could but prevail.

"Friedrich, be you your sister's steward, since gains embarrass her; and in proportion as these increase, procure yourselves the comforts of life. Take Beatrice to a congenial home, and allow Beatrice's brother some hours of relaxation from labor each day." He paused, and turning slowly to me, added—"You could tell how it is, *I* who am under obligation to *them*."

I comprehended, and having moved the group to seats, rehearsed minutely the incidents of the earlier part of the evening on which had commenced in this very chamber the acquaintance, which since, on both sides, was ripened into deep and abiding friendship. I did not spare my friend, being desirous of presenting to his sober vision a portrait of himself in his unnatural moods, such as would bring into disfavor their indulgence. Yet, afraid of the effect of my boldness, my eyes turned to his face in questioning glances as I proceeded. When all was told, he looked round upon us thoughtful and half-amused, and addressing Beatrice, said:

"My dear girl, you have just heard what was my *appearance* in those dark passages of my life, but no one, not even I, can express what were my *feelings*. It is you who with silver cords lifted me as from out a pit into which I had fallen; when I cease to distinguish between midnight and meridian in the soul, I may grudge the free gifts I have bestowed on you."

REGULARLY SOLD OUT.

Some time since, while stopping at the Sutter House in Sacramento City, California, I accidentally overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, one of whom was from New York city, and had been in the country nearly a year, and the other had just arrived.

The new-comer was lamenting his condition and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters, who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked the New Yorker if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children in New York—and I never saw one of them."

After this reply, the couple sat a few moments in silence, then the interrogator again commenced:

"Was you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and a longer pause of silence; then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "*one of them* was born after I left."

"O, ah!" and a general laugh followed; and after that the New Yorker was especially distinguished as the man who "had six children and never saw one of them."—*Phil. Saturday Post.*

BOILING A TEA-KETTLE.

Which is the most trying to a woman—a greenhorn of a servant girl, or a stove that "wont draw" the day she expects company? Mrs. Jones hired the other day, a Miss McDermott, just from Cork. Miss McDermott was ordered "to boil the tea-kettle."

"The what?"

"The tea-kettle."

"An' do you mane that?"

"Certainly—if I did not I would not have ordered you to do it—and be quick about it."

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss McDermott obeyed orders. In about half an hour afterwards Mrs. Jones resumed the conversation.

"Where's the tea-kettle, Bridget?"

"In the dinner-pot, ma'am."

"In the dinner-pot!"

"Yes, ma'm. You told me to boil it, and I've had it on the scald for an hour."

Mrs. Jones could bear no more. She had a rush of blood to the head, and went into a swoon. The last we saw of her she was carried up stairs in an arm-chair.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

THE BODY AVENGED.

By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury; but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.—*Longfellow.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JACK WILLIS'S VOYAGE:

—OR,—

THE DOUBLE VENTURE.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"Six knots an hour, and only a fairish breeze. After all, the old Eagle is not to be despised, in the way of sailing."

"You are right, captain; and in the hands of her present commander, I do not doubt that she will be able to show Johnny Bull a good pair of heels, in case of emergency."

"I hope so," answered the first speaker, with a shadow of anxiety on his countenance; for if she should fall into the hands of the enemy, I should be done for most deplorably."

"Ay," rejoined his companion. "You are thinking of a certain agreement between yourself and Wetmore—is it not so? And by the way, if you do not object to imparting your confidence, I would like to be informed a little more minutely concerning the relation which subsists between yourself and Wetmore, and (pardon my mentioning her) a certain young lady of whom you have a pretty high opinion."

"I have no objection in the least, Chesley. And to begin at once, I think I have told you that my first meeting with Lucy Wetmore was at a ball, where I was captivated at sight, and was fully in love from the moment of my introduction to her. Of course, I made it my business to see her again; and persevered, till, as I flatter myself, I succeeded in inspiring some interest in the object of my attentions. My acquaintance with Miss Wetmore commenced about a year before her father's death. While old Peter Wetmore was living, I was forced to pay my regards to Lucy rather 'under the rose,' as the saying has it. The old gentleman was very rich, as you well know, and estimated by many to be worth near half a million. I had nothing, or next to nothing, for I had earned but little, and most of that little had been swept away in the old barque Emerald, which was lost just about the commencement of the war. You knew Mr. Wetmore pretty well, and therefore may be aware that he had a great horror of fortune hunters, and kept a very suspicious regard on the train of admirers who clustered about his daughter. It was a very natural feeling, after all, and I cannot blame him much for it. But under the circumstances, it was impossible that I could gain anything by thrusting myself in his way. Indeed, Lucy and I talked the whole matter over together. She assured me that she had no thought of mercenary design on my part. We were young, and we could wait. I was determined to rise in my pursuit. When I got to be master of a good ship, and had acquired the reputation of one or two prosperous voyages, then it might be safe to show my designs more boldly.

"Several months afterward, Mr. Wetmore died. In his will, he left to his daughter the sum of fifty thousand dollars on the arrival of her twenty-first birthday. The sum of thirty thousand dollars was to be added on her attaining the age of twenty-five. The whole bequest, however, was holden under the following condition: That if, during the life of her brother and without his consent, she should marry a gentleman possessing less than forty thousand dollars in his own right, then the bequest should revert to her brother. Furthermore, while Lucy remains unmarried, George has the commercial use of these sums, giving security by mortgage, and paying a small percentage of interest."

"Capital!" observed Chesley, interrupting the course of the narrative. "The old gentleman has arranged a nice little scheme for keeping the daughter out of the bonds of matrimony. But if I am right, there is some understanding between you and George with regard to this matter."

"Exactly so. I will put the conclusion in a nut-shell. George Wetmore was not long in learning the attachment which existed between myself and Lucy. Nor was it intended that he should be kept in ignorance of its existence. At last Mr. Wetmore and I had a talk about the matter. He told me that he had no disposition to go to extremes—said that he was willing to do what was right and fair, as far as he understood—and many other things which I can't now recollect. Finally, he told me that if I succeeded in closing up this present voyage safely, and secured the net profit which was hoped for (about a hundred and fifty per cent.), then he would stand neutral; and if Lucy gave me her hand, he would, for a reasonable bonus, affix his consent to the marriage contract. So here am I, Mr. Chesley, on a double venture; first for ship and owners, and last, but not least, Lucy and her eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Chesley, I hope you will believe that the money weighs little with me, in comparison with my thought of *her*. And I suspect that I should be selfish enough to ask her to be mine, if the marriage swept off every dollar of her fortune. But you were brought up in wealth, and you enjoy its benefits still. You can understand, therefore, why I dread to think of the sacrifice of all her property, and of the thousand comforts and privileges which its possession can alone ensure her."

While Captain Willis was speaking, his friend regarded him attentively, as though carefully considering all that he heard.

"I was never very intimately acquainted with Miss Wetmore," he replied, when the other had finished. "I have heard that she has the reputation of being a little coquettish; but she hardly *looks* it, to my idea. I am certainly not ready to believe that she would wantonly deceive so estimable a young fellow as Jack Willis. At all events, I am willing to take it for granted that all is straight between you and your lady love. But to speak plainly, I have no faith in George Wetmore beyond the extent of absolute legal obligation. He is not troubled with any nicety of moral principle, and will not hesitate to trample on the rights and feelings of others in order to promote his own interest. I have had dealings with him, and know the truth of what I say. He will not scruple to deceive you, to overreach you, and to cast you off altogether when you have served his purpose. And, Captain Jack, to speak honestly, I believe that George Wetmore has not the slightest idea of giving consent to a marriage between yourself and his sister, and that he would, on the contrary, throw every obstacle in the way of its occurrence."

Captain Willis stared at his friend with astonishment in his countenance.

"You surprise me, Chesley," he replied. "I have always found the Wetmores fair dealers, both father and son. Surely, you must have stated matters rather strongly?"

"It may be so," answered the other, after a short pause, wherein he seemed busy in thought. "Men are not always the same to different persons and under different circumstances. My statement may be a rather strong one, as you say."

"After all," thought Chesley, "it is not best to annoy the poor fellow. If things are to turn out ill, I have said enough to prepare him for the event. If they turn out well, so much the better."

The conversation ceased. Captain Willis, with spirits slightly depressed by Chesley's words, rose from his seat and went on deck. Hardly had he arrived here, when his ear was greeted by a familiar sound, but one less pleasing now than it would have been in more peaceful times.

"Sail ho!" shouted a voice from the foremast head.

"Where away?" cried the master, leaping into the main rigging.

"On the larboard quarter."

"Mr. Matson, hand me the glass, if you please," said Captain Willis, mounting still higher. "As I live," was his muttered soliloquy, while he carefully examined the stranger, "we are in for it, that's certain. Mr. Jones," he said, as he coolly made his way down to the deck, "just see that every sail tells to its utmost. The breeze is somewhat fresh, but I think we can clap on a little more aft. At any rate, give her all she will bear; only see that you don't get her by the head. Cutter or no cutter, we will see what the fellow astern is made of. There's no doubt of one thing, and that is that he has got his mind made up for a slap at the old Eagle. It's not our business to fight with such fellows as long as we can run away; so we'll try the part of discretion for the present. Helm there, luff a little. So now, steady."

The tall masts bent under their weight of canvass, while the Eagle, leaning over from the breeze, rushed through the foaming waves. Captain Jack cast a look aloft, and satisfying himself that everything *there* was doing its duty, called his men aft and made them a pithy address, which was received with three hearty cheers; and each man proceeded to the post assigned him in case of action. Guns were overhauled, muskets and cutlasses brought forth and carefully examined, and all in a matter-of-fact way, which plainly showed the minds of the crew.

"No fears of them, Jones!" said Captain Willis, as he met the glance of his officer. "They well know the mercies of John Bull's prison-ships, and will not readily put them to the trial without a little fighting in the first place."

It was about sunrise when the strange sail was discovered. The Eagle was then some twenty leagues from the north shore of Cuba, with the wind at northeast. In two hours time the stranger gained so far upon the chase, that Captain Willis was able to verify by the glass a suspicion which had already entered his mind.

"That's her among a thousand!" he exclaimed, shutting the glass with a jerk. "It's the Alert—one of the fastest vessels in the British navy, as I know to my cost. Well, well—if the cutter cuts us down this time, it wont be without our leaving at least the mark of our teeth upon her."

The brig continued on her former course, save that now and then her head was brought a little closer to the wind. This management was not uncriticised by some certain "old salts" of the forecastle.

"Jim," said one, "what's in the old man's noddle to keep her up this way? I should think that rascally cutter gained full fast enough upon us already, without our trying to help her any."

"Can't say, Ben," replied the other. "But there's some crotchet or other in our captain's main-top, or he wouldn't be doing things this sort. Depend on't, we shall see before long what it means. There it is again. 'Luff—sheets aft!' work before us, Ben!"

At one o'clock the land was in full view, right ahead. The sailors obeyed the orders of their officers in silence, looking at each other in blank surprise.

"Jerusalem, Ben!" at length exclaimed a grizzle-headed Yorker. "Here's a fix! The skipper has put us where there isn't a ha'penny's chance to get clear; and if he knows what he's going to do, it's what I *don't* know."

"Call Black Bill," said Captain Willis.

The order was transmitted, and out of the cook-room came Bill, grinning with delight—his row of ivory shining in the sun, while the whites of his eyes glowed like pearl set in velvet of jetty blackness.

"Well, doctor," said the captain, "are you sure that you can accomplish all you promised? Can you put the good brig safely in?"

"Guess em *can*, massa," said the negro, bowing and scraping his foot with all due deference. "Know him berry well, massa. Many time come from Barbadoes here. Know him well, for sarten, massa!"

"Very well, doctor," replied Captain Willis; "I believe we must put you in pilot. There's no time to lose, for the tide has begun to ebb already. But mind what you're about, darkey. We'll make a man of you, if you do the thing as it should be."

The negro was duly installed upon the quarter. Every feature in his face seemed impressed with conscious importance. But "Black Bill" was no common serf. The royal blood of Ashantee coursed in his veins, and his new dignity at once developed in him a naturally strong and acute perception. The orders which issued from his sable lips were prompt, well directed and effective. His former acquaintances of the forecastle looked on him with astonishment.

Very soon, the Eagle opened a narrow passage between two headlands, on one of which was situated a small lighthouse. Here was the entrance to the tide harbor of Carrena, a port which had long been deserted by all commerce, save that of the little island coasters. The harbor was unsafe for anchorage of vessels of large size, and the entrance to other than an adept was peculiarly troublesome. But "Black Bill" was evidently at home. He noted the filling of the sails, the objects on shore, the bearing of the light; every change necessary in disposition of ship was accurately and promptly executed. In little more than half an hour from the time of entrance, the Eagle was at anchor near the town.

Late in the afternoon, the English cutter lay off the headlands which guarded the entrance into the harbor. Captain Tracy impatiently paced the quarter, and ever and anon cast an eye to leeward, as if debating within himself in what manner he should further proceed.

"Hab blue-fish, massa? Berry nice blue-fish, massa. Good for 'tomach. Help um appletite, massa."

"Be off, you black scamp!" shouted the lieutenant.

Captain Tracy glanced at the countenance of the disappointed black, who was slowly turning away his boat.

"Jameson," said the commander, "you may tell the fellow to come aboard. He may possibly be of use to us."

"Hallo, darkey!" cried Jameson. "We'll take some of your fish, if you'll bring them aboard, and tell the steward how to dress them."

"Ki! not know how cook blue-fish? Ki-hi! Wall, we tell him."

Sambo was quickly on deck, and in close confab with the captain's steward, when Jameson called him away.

"Boy," said the lieutenant, "do you suppose you could show us a safe passage into yonder harbor?"

Sambo's eyes rolled with ecstacy, as he grasped the silver which Jameson placed in his hand.

"Hi, massa! 'Pose I can. Have carry ship in afore now, many time, more'n I can count."

Captain Tracy, who had been overhearing the conversation, now stepped forward.

"Look here, boy!" said he, displaying to the greedy gaze of the negro several tempting gold pieces. "Look here. You say you can carry us into the harbor. If you do it safely, here is the reward you shall receive. But if you deceive us, or attempt to play the rogue in any way, *this* is the reward which we shall give you."

And the speaker drew from his breast-pocket a pistol, whose muzzle turned in quiet significance upon the negro. Poor Sambo started at sight of the weapon; his face turned of a slaty pallor, while he ejaculated, with broken utterance.

"O, massa—don't! don't! Frighten poor niggah berry much, sah! Hab great dislike to loaded gun, massa."

"Stop, stop, Sambo!" said Jameson, who with much difficulty restrained his laughter at the ludicrous terror of the negro. "The captain wont hurt you, so long as you play us no tricks and tell us no lies. Do you know enough about the harbor to show us a safe passage in?"

"Yes, massa—I tole you so afore. Know ebery ting about de harbor. Hab 'tand pilot much to sa'sfaction of commerce. But must wait now, till tide down on de bar yonder."

Tracy smiled, and turned to his lieutenant.

"Jameson, we must try it, I think. Were it not for the mishap which occurred to our two boats, we might be spared a slight risk. Put Andrews at the wheel, and keep a good lookout a-head. We must move as soon as the flood will permit. Our sable friend appears to have some knowledge of what he undertakes, but we must trust to him as little as possible."

Some time elapsed before the tide admitted passage over the bar which the negro had indicated. Meanwhile, Jameson took pains to sound the new comer concerning the landmarks and directions of the somewhat tortuous passage, and became convinced that the pilot, although simple and unsophisticated, was by no means devoid of intelligence and the knowledge conferred by observation and experience. Jameson communicated this conviction to his commander, who, when the moment of action arrived, felt a corresponding security with regard to his movements.

"You are sure of your course?" was the anxious inquiry, as the cutter moved rapidly through the gathering shadows of night.

"Yes, massa—keep um light right ober de quarter."

"Well, sir, remember what will happen to you if you lead us into difficulty."

"Yes, massa. Know um berry well. Hab 'tand pilot berry much to sa'sfaction ob—"

He did not finish the sentence. A sudden shock made the vessel reel, quivering in every plank.

"Furies!" shouted Captain Tracy, in a hoarse voice, springing from the deck on which he had been thrown by the violence of the shock. "The black scoundrel—by heaven he's gone! Hard-a-weather—hard-a-weather, man! Tacks and sheets—be lively there! We must have her aback, Jameson."

It was of no avail. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when there came another shock, a grating and groaning, and the noise of water gurgling between decks.

"Jameson," said the commander, "see that our two remaining boats are in readiness; but be cool and steady. We must not forsake our poor Alert as long as she holds life and breath."

Half an hour afterward, the light of white sails came glimmering through the night.

"The rascally Yankee!" groaned Jameson, as the brig came rushing past.

"Know um berry well, massa!" shouted a well known voice from the deck of the Eagle. "Keep um light ober de quarter!"

In little more than a fortnight afterward, the Eagle was again fast at the southern side of Long Wharf. Fifteen minutes later, and Captain Willis had reached the counting-room of Wetmore. The latter expressed himself much pleased with the result of a voyage which he was informed had netted him two hundred per cent. profit. Nevertheless, he had much regret, he said, to be the bearer of intelligence which doubtless would cause disappointment to his esteemed friend. His sister was at present in New York, but had left in his care a letter directed to Captain Willis. The latter hastily read the note, which was in the handwriting of Lucy Wetmore. The purport of it informed him that the writer was much grieved at the necessity of declaring that her feelings had undergone a change, and that the relation which had formerly existed between them must henceforth cease. The close contained the additional intelligence that she had just become engaged, and would shortly be married to a merchant of New York, with whom she would return to Boston. There were frequent expressions of continued friendly regard to Captain Willis, and of sorrow at the disappointment which her words would be likely to cause him. With feelings of the bitterest chagrin, Willis crushed the letter in his hand.

"The business of the voyage must be finished at once," he said. "By to-morrow eve, I am ready for sea once more."

In an hour afterward, he hastened across the Common to the residence of Chesley, who had just arrived from the vessel. The captain received a warm welcome from his friend.

"What fortune?" inquired the latter, with a meaning eye.

"Read that," replied Willis, throwing the crumpled paper on the table near which they stood.

Chesley ran his eye over Lucy's note, and his face was flushed with indignation at its contents.

"I do not blame you for being a little down in the mouth,' he said, "considering the turn which things have taken. But believe me, the fit wont last very long. You are well rid of her, captain. There cannot be much heart in the girl, if, after having carried things so far, she turns you off in this cool way. For my part, I think that you have reason to congratulate yourself on your escape."

This well-meant speech had little effect towards soothing the pain which Willis experienced. He reached forth his hand to take the letter. But Chesley prevented him.

"Hold," he said. "Permit me to glance at this once more."

"Captain Willis," he added, after a momentary examination, "I wish you to leave this note in my keeping for a day or two. I have an object in view which I will not mention to you just at present. I give you my word that no improper use shall be made of the letter. And, by the way, there is a Miss Leeds here, on a visit to my sister. Our fair guest is well acquainted with Lucy Wetmore, and very probably can inform me of the actual whereabouts of that young lady—a point concerning which I have some curiosity."

He was absent from the room a quarter of an hour or more, at the end of which time he returned with a countenance plainly expressive of satisfaction in the intelligence which he had obtained.

"If I am not mistaken, friend Willis," said Chesley, "we shall soon find a little light shining through the cloud which now overhangs you. If you will call on me to-morrow forenoon, between eight and nine o'clock, I may be able to give you information which will be for your advantage. Miss Wetmore has been at Watertown for nearly a month, and so—but stay! Whom have we here?"

A carriage stopped before the street door, and the driver, descending, applied himself to the knocker. In the carriage, which was open, sat Lucy Wetmore. Chesley, with the intention of anticipating the servant, flew down stairs and presented himself at the door. The driver had been charged to inquire if Miss Leeds was within. Chesley answered in the affirmative, and then, as if suddenly recognizing the occupant of the vehicle, stepped forward to the carriage and offered a courteous greeting. Inviting the lady to descend, he added a few words which produced a very visible agitation in her whom he addressed. Presently, accepting his assistance, she alighted, and with him entered the house. Willis could hardly contain himself during the minutes which elapsed before Chesley again returned to him. At length, his friend presented himself. His countenance was cheerful—even elate.

"I wish you joy, my lad," he cried; "for I think that a very short time will suffice to put an entirely different face on this matter. Come down, and pay your respects to Miss Wetmore. Miss Leeds and I will shortly leave the coast clear for your honorable self, when I have every reason to believe that you will have no difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory understanding with the lady of your regards. The fact is, my dear sir, that letter is a *flam*—a shameful forgery. I suspected it to be so the moment that I gave the note a particular examination, and the fact is now made plain to me."

Willis descended to the parlor, where the unaffected kindliness with which Miss Wetmore received him did much to re-assure his hopes. Before she left the house, he had the pleasure of knowing that her sentiments toward himself had remained unchanged, and were like to remain so—notwithstanding the arts of her brother. When Willis communicated the state of affairs to Chesley, the latter was delighted with the added proof of his own penetration, and asserted his opinion that the play (as he expressed it) was rapidly drawing to a close.

"It so happens," he said, "that I have certain facts in my possession, which, if divulged, would seriously affect the reputation of Wetmore, not only in his private, but also in his business relations. It seems to me, now, that their publicity would affect him even more than I had once supposed. He is aware of my knowledge, to some extent; and I had occasion to tell him, near a year ago, that his way, henceforth, must be pretty straight in order to avoid disclosure of the facts to which I refer. As he has conducted himself so basely in this matter between you and his sister, I have no scruple in using both my powers of persuasion and my powers of compulsion to induce him to give his consent to your marriage with Lucy. I think that my efforts will be successful. Whether my opinion be correct or not, time will quickly discover."

The event proved him in the right; for, in the first week of August, there appeared in the city papers the following announcement, contained in the list of marriages:

"On Wednesday, at the residence of George Wetmore, Esq., Captain John Willis to Lucy, only daughter of the late Peter Wetmore."

In one or two of the journals there appeared, in celebration of the event, certain verses, which now rest in quiet oblivion with thousands of like effusions which have followed, or gone before. The wedding was a gay and brilliant one; and it was remarked by many of the guests, that their obliging host had made every preparation which could add to the zest and enjoyment of the occasion, and that he was, doubtless, well pleased with the match which had taken place.

TOBACCO CHEWER CURED.

On board ship, one day, we were stowing away the hammocks, when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder. As he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there?" asked the lieutenant; "a gum boil? Your cheek is much swollen."

"No, sir," replied the boy, "there's nothing at all the matter."

"O, there must be! Perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large quid of the tobacco leaf.

"I see—I see," said the lieutenant; "poor fellow! how you must suffer! Your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth need cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board, but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with the tongs."

When the armorer made his appearance with his big tongs, the boy was compelled to open his mouth, while the tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There, now," said the lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already. You never could have any appetite with such stuff in your mouth. Now, captain of the afterguards, bring a piece of old canvass and some sand, and clean his teeth nicely.

The captain of the afterguards came forward, and grinning from ear to ear, put the boy's head between his knees, and scrubbed his teeth well with the canvass and sand for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, take some water and rinse your mouth, and you will enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything with your mouth in such a filthy condition. When you are troubled in the same way again, come to me, and I will be your dentist."

The lad was completely cured, by the ridicule of the occurrence, of the habit of tobacco chewing.—*Captain Marryat.*

BOILED CAT.

The facetious editor of the Lowell Times tells a good story of a fellow who got his sufficiency of boiled cat, and as it has a moral, we gladly copy it.

A few years ago, a farmer who was noted for waggery, stopped at a tavern which he was in the habit of calling at on his way from H—— to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveller thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot lid, and while the landlady was absent, put grimalkin in the pot with the beef and potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem.

The astonishment of the landlady may be conceived, when in taking up dinner she saw the unpalatable addition which was made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing the transgressor, and she determined to be avenged. Aware that he would stop on his return home for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called as expected, and pussy was put on the table amongst other cold dishes, but so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the lady if she had a cat she would give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for she had lost her's. "What," says he, "don't you know where it is?" "O, yes," replied the landlady, "you just ate it!" He was never known to boil a cat afterwards.

SHARP.

Muggins has a sharp porter. This chap returned from the post-office the other day with Muggins's papers, and informed his individual that there was a letter in the post-office that he couldn't get.

"Couldn't get it! why couldn't you get it, you stupid?"

"There's five cents to pay on it."

"Why didn't you pay for it?" asked Muggins, with indignation.

"I hadn't *cents* enough!" replied the urchin, grinning archly.

"You fool!" said Muggins, storming; "here, take this five cents and get that letter in little less than no time!"

"No use, I tell you," replied the fellow; "they wont let me have it."

"The dickens they wont—I'd like to know the reason!"

"Because," replied the fellow, looking back to see that the door was open, "*because the letter wasn't for you!*"

The chap retreated from the room suddenly, while an inkstand followed his noggin at a speed of about "54 40."—*New York Mirror.*

JUDICIAL INTEGRITY.

Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, who died in 1760, went one day into a hatter's shop, in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple. "What is your price?" said the judge. "If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome." The judge, on hearing this, laid them down, and bowing, was leaving the shop, upon which the hatter said to him: "Pray, sir, your honor has forgotten the principal object of your visit." "By no means," answered the judge "If you please to set a price, I am ready to purchase; but ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life, it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment."—*Granite Freeman.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY LOVE.

BY H. J. A. EDWARDS.

In spring, when nature's waking smile
Is mingled oft with glistening tears,
My love is fond and true the while,
Rejoicing in life's early years.

In summer, when the fields are fair,
The groves with cooling shade invite,
I wander forth to meet her there,
While eve's dim hue fades into night.

How quickly then the moments fly,
Concealed by the fond dreams of youth,
When clouds veil not the beauteous sky,
And fancy, brilliant, seems as truth.

In autumn, when the drooping fringe
Hangs loose upon the golden corn,
I see, alas! no reddy tinge
Upon her cheek in quiet morn.

When the bright frost has killed the flower,
And leaves are stripped from every tree,
Then comes the sad and lonely hour,
Which steals my love fore'er from me.

In winter, when the snow is deep
Within the churchyard damp and cold,
My love is sleeping her long sleep,
And white the snow and damp the mould,
In winter when the snow is deep

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CONSCRIPT:

—OR,—

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The day has dawned sad and gloomy. The roll of the drum has been heard since morning; the labors of the field are suspended; the inhabitants of the village are stationed by groups in the streets, and discussing, in a low tone, the chances of the young people summoned to put their hands in the fatal urn.* Every face wears an expression of anxiety, as if some calamity threatened the country. Each sighs and raises his eyes to heaven as he passes by certain houses silent as tombs. A few more hours, and sounds of joy or sobs of sorrow will issue thence! Now the relatives, a prey to anxiety, remain sad and motionless, watching and fearing the progress of the hours which are to bring them joy or despair.

The young people, in the meantime, keep up good courage, and laugh and sing as they prepare to go to the place where the drawing is to be; but their laugh is hollow, their voices tremulous, and their forced gayety deceives no one. In fact, the fearful experiment of this day is to decide their whole existence. Must they soon leave this village where they were born—their relatives, their comrades, their betrothed ones? for in the country, people marry young. At twenty, a young man has almost always made his choice. It is too soon—but what is to be done? Custom decrees it thus; and while in the fashionable world we see every day men of forty years and more marry young girls, a youth of twenty-eight rarely finds, in this country, a young girl who will marry him.

The bell of the church was ringing; the pastor was about to celebrate mass to invoke for the conscripts the protection of Heaven. All were present, accompanied by their families. Never had they prayed with such fervor. When men are powerless, the most skeptical have recourse to Providence; they are happy then to believe in Providence, for chance is blind and deaf!

The mass finished, the drum again sounds; it is the signal of departure. There are embraces, encouragements, and the conscripts march; the fathers accompany their sons; the mothers return to their homes to pray once more; the young girls sigh, and the silence of death reigns in this village, usually so brilliant and gay.

The fable relates that in the days of King Miros, the inhabitants of the Isle of Crete were compelled to deliver each year seven young men, and as many young girls, to satisfy the appetites of a monster called the Minotaur. A man, a prince, a demi-god killed the Minotaur and delivered his country. Who shall deliver us from war? What was this Minotaur, compared to that thousand-headed hydra who absorbs men by hundreds, thousands, millions? who changes wheat-fields into fields of battle? who makes the earth drink blood like water? who compels the nations, under penalty of entire destruction, to fell ranks of men like forest-trees? who removes every year from the family, from agriculture, from industry, the *elite* of the people? who makes widows by hundreds and orphans by thousands? who breaks the hearts of mothers and lovers, and who disgusts us ever with glory, when we think of the price which must be paid for it? Who shall deliver us from war?

"Louise, what o'clock is it?" said, for the twentieth time since the departure of the conscripts, one of the poor mothers, a prey to the suffering of anxiety and uncertainty.

"Two o'clock, aunt," replied a beautiful young girl, with a sad and pensive air.

"Only two? This day will never end!"

"Alas, poor aunt," replied the young girl, "if the news is to be bad, it will come soon enough!"

And she embraced the mother with filial tenderness.

"True, my child, but if you knew how painful this uncertainty is!"

"Shall I go a little way to meet them?" said she. "I can see from afar the colors of the ribbons, and will run to tell you. You will know your fate a few minutes sooner."

"Do so, my daughter; as for me, I cannot walk. Anxiety has taken away my strength."

"I will go," said Louise. "But do not worry—what good will it do?"

And she went out, leaving the poor woman to her sad thoughts. When she had gone a few steps, she encountered one of her companions.

"Come with me to meet them, Charlotte," said she to her. "I am ashamed to be seen going alone; but my aunt sent me."

"Why, then, should you be ashamed?" said Charlotte. "Is not Jean your betrothed?"

*Conscripts are, in France, drawn by lot.

"Jean is not my betrothed, any more than his mother; but I love them both as a sister, and I ought to do so, for my aunt has been a good mother to me."

"I think so. A niece who has two acres of land and a house of her own may well be taken care of, where one has two sons!"

"I do not know what her idea is," said Louise; "but she has never mentioned it to me."

"And they?"

"Suit less! They look upon me as a little girl. Remember that I am only sixteen."

"Why, then, have neither of them made a choice elsewhere?"

"I do not know—ask them."

"But, according to your ideas, which is the best?" persisted Charlotte.

"They are both good, and I love one as much as the other."

"That is well," said Charlotte, laughing; "so if Jean goes, Jacques will still be left you."

"Let me alone," said Louise, pettishly; "I am not ready to talk of marriage! But apropos of Jacques," pursued she, "it is a bad sign that we do not meet him, for he promised, if his brother had a good number, to hasten home to tell us."

"O, he will remain to drink with the rest!"

"He is not in the habit of it!" said Louise, angrily.

"May we not jest a little about the boys?" said Charlotte; "they say what they please about us!"

"My cousins never speak evil of me, I am sure, and I will not hear it said of them."

"Your cousins! your cousins! Be easy—nobody will eat them."

At that moment the sound of the drum, heard in the distance, interrupted the conversation of the two friends. Very soon cries and songs were intermingled with it, and the conscripts appeared at a turn in the road. Louise became very pale.

"Do you see him?" asked she, with emotion.

"Not yet—they are too far off; but I shall soon be able to distinguish them."

There was silence. The two young girls looked earnestly. Suddenly Charlotte exclaimed:

"I see Jean! I see Jean!"

"Where?" said Louise, anxiously, for her short sight did not permit her to distinguish yet.

"Louise, you will marry Jacques," said Charlotte; "Jean is a soldier!"

"My poor aunt!" exclaimed Louise, clasping her hands.

At this moment, a young man detached himself from the group of conscripts. It was Jacques, who, having recognized his cousin, hastened to meet her. Her face was pale and anxious, and even if Louise had not then perceived the tri-colored ribbons with which Jean was decorated, the expression of his brother's countenance would have informed her of his misfortune.

"He has the fourteen!" exclaimed he, angrily, as he accosted the young girls. "My mother will be sorry, for I know she prefers Jean."

"She loves you both well," said Louise, without daring to deny the fact, which was known to every one; "but how shall we tell her this bad news? She sent me to meet you, and now I dare not return to her."

"Nor I," said Jacques.

"Well," said Charlotte, "you can both go. She has but to look at you to know the result, for you are as pale as if you came from the other world."

"She is right," said Louise.

And the two cousins, quickening their pace, took the road to the village, preceding the conscripts. * * * * * *

Since the departure of Louise, her aunt had not moved. Seated in a low chair, in the corner, by the extinct fire, she was absorbed in sorrowful reflections, with her head buried in her hands. The door, left open, permitted the two young people to enter without being heard, and they were consulting each other with a look to ask what was to be done, when the poor woman, shaking off her torpor, suddenly stood up. Then only she perceived her niece and her eldest son, motionless before her.

"Ah," said she, falling back into her chair, "Jean is a soldier!"

Both remained silent. The poor mother asked no questions; but she burst into tears. There could be no ray of hope, since Louise did not tell her to hope! The latter sat down by her, took her hand, which she pressed tenderly, and silently mingled her own tears with hers.

"Well, are you all crying here?" suddenly exclaimed a conscript, as he entered the house. "Good morning, mother; good morning, Louise; good morning, Jacques!" And he sang in a husky voice the song of departure.

The poor youth evidently made all this noise to conceal his regret; and repeated libations taken at all the cabarets on the route, had much to do with his resignation and good humor.

"My poor child!" exclaimed the mother, springing towards him, as if to defend him against an immediate danger; "they will kill me! they will kill me!"

"Do not cry, mother," said the young man, clasping her in his arms; "you will end by making me cry too, and I have no desire to pass for a coward among my comrades; that would not do for a soldier. What do you say, Louise?"

"My poor Jean!" said she, embracing him.

"What would you? I would rather have remained here in peace, to plant my cabbages, and perhaps by-and-by we might have been married; but now I have no chance. So much the better for Jacques."

"We need not talk of that," said Louise; "am I not the sister of you both?"

"For the present, aly one," pursued Jean, appealing to his brother, who, when he spoke of marriage, had cast down his head with an air of constraint.

"Louise is too young to talk of that," said the latter, with effort; "and besides, her position with our mother and her orphan condition impose the greatest reserve upon us. When she has attained her majority, she can choose for herself."

"I am rich," suddenly exclaimed Louise; "I am rich, and Jean is as a brother to me! Do not weep, aunt—Jean shall not go!" And she left the house, running.

M. Michaud, the guardian of Louise, whose godfather he also was, lived at the other extremity of the village. It was towards his house that she directed her steps. She entered it, all out of breath, and found her guardian occupied in taking his repast, in company with his son, a youth of about eighteen.

"Ah, it is you, goddaughter," said he, with his mouth full; "will you eat a bit with us?"

"Thank you, you are very kind; but I am not hungry—my heart is too full."

Then, as the impassible guardian continued to eat, without saying anything, she asked:

"You know that my cousin Jean has been drawn by lot?"

"He will make a fine grenadier," said M. Michaud, tranquilly.

"But, godfather," persisted Louise, "I do not wish him to go; do you not understand?"

"O, you do not wish him to go! But what will you do about it?"

"I will purchase a substitute."

"Ah," said the guardian, laying down his fork, "you have money then?"

"No, godfather," said Louise, embarrassed, seeing the expression of her godfather suddenly change; "but I have property, and you know it better than any one, since you are my godfather. This is the reason I came to find you, for Jean must not go."

"Why so, if you please?"

"Because his mother will die."

"That would be a pity; but what can I do about it?"

"Give me the means to redeem Jean by selling a little of my property."

"You do not know, then, that at your majority I must give an account to the last cent?"

"Well, it seems to me I have the control of my own property."

"A minor has the control of nothing. You must be twenty-one, or have a husband, before you can dispose of a cent; and your husband would be dissatisfied when I come to render an account, if I should dispose of your fortune thus."

"O, as for that, godfather," said Louise, blushing, "you need not be afraid about the future, for I shall perhaps marry one of my cousins, and Jacques could not reproach me for saving his brother—still less Jean, if I should marry him."

"Then you do not know which?"

"No, godfather; I had never thought of it until to-day—I am so young! But, on reflection, it is the best thing I can do. My aunt is a good mother to me, and I shall perhaps never like any one better."

"But your cousins are too old for you, who are only sixteen."

"I like it better so, godfather; it seems to me that if my husband was of the same age as myself, I could not respect him."

M. Michaud made a slight grimace.

"You are a child," said he; "in a few years, you will perhaps think otherwise."

"I do not believe it, godfather. But the business, at present, is to ransom my cousin—we can talk of the rest by-and-by."

"I tell you that it is impossible, and that neither you nor I can dispose of your property before your majority."

"And if I should marry immediately?"

"At sixteen! I would certainly not allow you to commit such a folly—you are too young! It will be soon enough when you are twenty-one; if you wish to make a foolish marriage then, you will be your own mistress, but not before."

"My good godfather, I entreat you!" said Louise, supplicatingly.

"I tell you it is impossible," said M. Michaud.

The good Louise had really believed that nothing could be easier than to ransom her cousin. On seeing her hopes disappointed, she began to weep bitterly.

"My poor aunt, she will die!" said she. "Men are so hard-hearted!"

"I am hard-hearted because I will not let you ruin yourself. But I know my duty," said M. Michaud, with importance.

"Adieu, godfather!" said Louise, going towards the door. "I am sorry to have disturbed you." And she went out discouraged, sighing deeply.

On re-entering her aunt's house, she found her as she had left her, in company with her two sons; for on seeing Louise go out, she had suspected the step she was about to take, and had detained Jean, until she could learn the result.

As for Jacques, he had incurred his mother's anger, by seeking to make her comprehend the vanity of her hopes.

"I will go in his stead," said he, suddenly. "The state demands but one soldier—what matters it? Is not this a good idea, Louise? What say you to it?"

"I say that it is you whom I love!" exclaimed Louise, throwing herself tearfully into his arms. "Whether you go or stay, I will have no other husband than you!"

"Is it possible? and I was going, thinking you loved Jean."

"As a brother," said she, extending her hand to the conscript. "But you shall not go. I will ask my guardian to let me marry you immediately, and then we will ransom our brother without needing his permission."

"No, Louise—no, that must not be; you are too young. It would be wrong to profit by a moment of excitement, which you would perhaps regret afterwards. Besides, seven years of my life do not seem too much to purchase the right to consecrate to you the rest."

"Ah, you are noble and good, and I love you!" said his mother, suddenly. And she embraced him as she had never done before. *

"It is strange!" said Louise to herself, on the evening of the same day. "Where were my eyes, that I did not perceive the difference between the two brothers? Jean is a handsome youth, doubtless, but common, coarse; while Jacques always appears like a gentleman. And then what a good heart he has!"

At the expiration of a month, the widow announced to her neighbors that her son Jacques, after having accompanied his brother to the regiment, had returned with a fever. A week more passed away; at last the invalid went out, and showed himself. It was Jean! Judge of the commentaries, the conjectures, the exclamations! Godfather Michaud said nothing, but he wrote to the prefect to inform him of this substitution of one person for another. The prefect, in his turn, wrote to the minister of war, who wrote to the colonel of the regiment where Jacques had enlisted instead of his brother. The colonel replied that Jacques was his best recruit, that he would make an excellent soldier, and that it was of very little importance that he had taken the place of his brother, since he filled it honorably—so that the affair remained there, to the great displeasure of M. Michaud, who was still persuaded that Louise loved Jean.

As for Jean, he was of too vulgar a nature to comprehend all the delicacy and greatness of his brother's conduct. Delighted, at first, to be liberated, he at last came to the conclusion that Jacques loved to travel, and desired a military life. Six months after his brother's departure, he offered himself to Louise, who refused him without hesitation.

"I love you as a brother," said she; "but do not speak to me thus, for I shall despise you and consider you my enemy."

"But if Jacques should be killed in war?" persisted Jean.

"I would put on mourning and remain all my life faithful to his memory."

"As you please; then I will marry Charlotte."

In fact, from this moment Jean declared himself the lover of Charlotte and their marriage soon took place.

Two years passed thus. Louise was eighteen. M. Michaud, re assured by the marriage of Jean and Charlotte, at last unmasked his batteries and proposed that his ward should marry his son. But the latter declared that she would await her majority before she made a choice.

About this time, she received a letter from Algiers. Jacques was in Africa, and was a sergeant. From this day, poor Louise had not a moment's repose. How could she, when he she loved was exposed to the balls of the enemy, to danger from fever, to the teeth of lions? Her only occupation was now to read the newspapers. She eagerly sought the news from Africa. One day, she read as follows:

"We regret to announce that a part of the garrison of Nemours has just been destroyed by the heroic imprudence of its chief, who has himself found death in this unfortunate affair."

The paper fell from the hands of Louise. Nemours! The last letter of Jacques was dated Nemours! Poor Louise! At her request, M. Michaud wrote to the minister of war to learn the names of the men killed in the affair of Sidi-Brahim. A week afterwards, he received the list. Jacques's name was among the first!

Louise now renounced all hope and devoted herself to the education of her little godson, the eldest child of Jean and Charlotte. He came to her every morning and spent the day with her. One morning little Jacques arrived very animated.

"Godmother," said he, "will you give me leave to go and see the soldiers?"

"What soldiers?" said Louise.

"Those who are to pass the night here. They are going to Paris to be reviewed; there will be two of them at our house."

"By-and-by," said Louise, pensively. "The day is long; you will have time to see them."

The child pouted a little, and then began to spell with a bad grace in the book which his godmother placed before him. At the end of ten minutes, he stopped.

"Do you hear the drum?" said he.

"Yes," said Louise; "let the drum go, and continue your lesson."

The child sighed, and finished the page. After the lesson, they breakfasted as usual. Suddenly a double knock was heard at the door.

"Enter," said Louise.

The door opened, and an officer, thin and of dark complexion, appeared on the threshold.

"Pardon me, madame," said he to Louise, as he saluted her, "but I am taking my rounds! Have you any soldiers quartered here?"

"No, sir," said she, somewhat troubled; "I live alone, and never lodge any one."

"Madame is a widow?" said the officer, pointing to the black dress of the young girl.

Louise bowed, without replying. She was willing that this stranger should ascribe to her a title to which she felt she had a right.

"You have a charming child, madame," said the soldier, approaching Jacques.

"It is my godson," said Louise, blushing.

"It is astonishing," continued the officer, looking at the child, "how much he resembles a comrade whom I knew in Africa!"

"You have been in Africa, then?" said Louise, falling back into her chair.

"Yes, madame," said he, taking the one to which Louise pointed; for, incapable of standing, she felt that she ought also to invite the stranger to be seated.

A thought had occurred to the young girl: Could this soldier, who resembled little Jacques so much, have been—? A word would have dispelled her doubts, but she hesitated to pronounce it, lest the officer should utter a name unknown to her. She was silent for a moment to taste one sweet hope, like the prisoner, who, awaking after a dream of liberty, keeps his eyes shut that he may not see the bars of his prison! The officer had taken little Jacques in his lap, and was looking at him attentively.

"Does he remind you of some deceased friend?" at last asked Louise.

"He of whom the child reminds me is not dead, madame, although he has long passed for such! Escaped as if by miracle from a horrible massacre, a prisoner two years among the Arabs, he has been able at last, after infinite fatigue and suffering, to rejoin his flag."

"And—you left him in Africa?" asked Louise, in a stifled voice, while she stealthily observed the countenance of the officer who, on his part, manifested much emotion.

"No," said he. "On arriving at the regiment, exhausted by his long suffering, he obtained leave to retire from the service, and at present, has returned to his country."

At this moment, the hurried eyes of the soldier encountered those of Louise earnestly fixed upon him.

"It is Jacques! it is you!" exclaimed she, at last rising.

His only reply was to extend his arms to her.

"Louise," at that moment exclaimed the voice of Charlotte, "lend me some money, I beg of you. Jean has come home drunk again, and I have not a cent in the house."

Jacques smiled at Charlotte, who, surprised to find a soldier with her friend, had remained fixed in the threshold.

"Here, sister Charlotte," said he, presenting a gold piece to the young woman. "Louise and I are coming to sup with you."

"His sister!" said Charlotte, looking at Louise.

"It is Jacques!" exclaimed the latter.

"Impossible! he is so dark, so thin—and that beard! And then he is an officer!"

"A captain, my good sister," said Jacques, embracing her.

"But," said Louise, "you were only a sergeant when you arrived in Africa?"

"True; but in a campaign, one is soon promoted. And then balls and fevers do not respect officers any more than soldiers, so that those who fall give place to others. I succeeded a lieutenant who was killed, and when I escaped from captivity, he who had replaced me had just died of dysentery, and I re-entered the same regiment; then the general-in-chief, learning my return, appointed me captain."

"You will not return, then," said Louise.

"No," said he, smiling, "unless my life here should be made unhappy."

"But," pursued she, "why did you not inform us of your return?"

"I had my reasons for that; I had long passed for dead, and wished to know for myself how my resurrection would be received. After three years of silence, you might have been married. I wished to return here as a stranger, examine the ground, and depart without making myself known if I had been forgotten."

"Here is a surprise!" said Charlotte. "Jean will be happy, for he has regretted you much—has he not, Louise?—even though he has become a drunkard."

"He will reform," said Jacques, smiling; "I will talk to him and you shall see."

"I will run and find him," said she, "and I am sure he will leave the cabaret quick, this time!"

"No, do not; I wish to surprise him this evening."

Little Jacques had profited by these explanations to run after the soldiers. The captain, in his turn, took the road to the door.

"Will you leave me already?" said Louise.

"I must return for an instant to the mayor's office to speak to M Michaud. He did not recognize me just now, and will be much surprised."

"And what is your pressing business there?"

"To give him your name and mine. To-day is Wednesday, and we must be published ten days, which will permit us to marry next week on Saturday."

News Glances.

Republican Palaces in New York.—It is said there are not less than a dozen private residences in New York city, recently erected, which cost from $100,000 to $150,000 each, rivalling in magnificence the costly palaces of Europe, and inferior only in point of magnitude. The most elegant dwelling in the city is reported to have cost about $250,000.

Scientific.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce reports that an analysis of common atmospheric air, taken from a dormitory up town, gave the following result: 90 parts oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen; 10 parts *mosquitoes*. Thus constituted, the air has a peculiar pungency, extremely unfavorable to the somnolent state.

Newspapers.—It seems, after all, that the United States is hardly the greatest country for newspapers, if it is correct, as is stated, that the Swiss Cantons, with a population of only 800,000, have 263 newspapers, twelve of which have been established within the last year.

What Everybody ought to know.—A quart of peas sown in a shallow box, fifteen inches wide by eighteen inches long, at any time of the year, and cut off when about four or five inches high, and boiled like spinach, with a little salt, makes a most delicious dish.

Well bestowed.—The Treasurer of the Charitable Association of the Boston Fire Department acknowledges the receipt of $500 towards the funds of the Association, from the Manufacturers' Insurance Company.

Hoe's Presses.—It is said that Messrs. Hoe, of New York, are building two twelve cylinder presses for the Philadelphia Ledger, whose daily circulation is nearly one hundred thousand. They will cost $70,000.

Wealth of Salem.—The total valuation of Salem, the present year, is: Real estate, $6,916,750; personal estate, $7,445,100. Total, $14,361,850.

Launch.—A beautiful new ship was launched at Chelsea, lately, from the yard of Mr. Taylor, called the "Wm. H. Prescott," in honor of the distinguished historian.

Bear Doors.—Two of the doors of the new capitol at Washington, are to cost $14,000 apiece. They are of bronze, with *alto relievos* representing national scenes.

The Confession of a Fond Mother.—Over-indulgence, like too much sugar, only spoils what it was meant to sweeten.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

THE MADNESS OF GAMBLING.

A reformed gambler is one of the rarest specimens of humanity to be met with. Thousands of men have redeemed themselves from the trammels of intemperance; libertines have ceased to tread the "primrose paths of dalliance;" but when the vice of gambling, the thirst of gold, and a reliance on chance, have once taken possession of a man, it is as difficult for him to retrace his steps as for a skater who is darting down a precipitous ice-hill to arrest his flight and regain the summit. It would be well for mankind if there were some authentic annals of gambling, to which reference might be made for warning examples. But the sin is committed in secret, and none but the tempter and the tempted know the sad story of the fall. In the course of our reading we have met with a few instances of the infatuation of gambling, but none more striking than that we are about to relate.

In the reign of Queen Anne of England, one Mr. Potter, who possessed a fine estate in Northumberland county, lost it all in the course of twelve months at hazard. The last night of his career, when he had just perfected his wicked and mad work, and was about going down stairs to step into his carriage, he suddenly returned to the gaming table he had left, and insisted on the *friend* he had been playing with giving him one chance of recovery or fighting him. His rational proposition was this: that his carriage, his trinkets and the loose money in his pocket, his town house, plate and furniture, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and thrown for at a single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to abandon his mad purpose. Accordingly he threw and—lost. With the most perfect equanimity he conducted the winner to the door, told the coachman that the gentleman he accompanied was henceforth to be his master, and heroically marched forth on foot, without house, home, or any creditable means of support. He then retired to an obscure lodging in the cheap part of London, subsisting partially on the money he begged and borrowed with difficulty of those who had known him in his days of fortune, sometimes acting as a marker's substitute at a billiard table, and sometimes as a common groom in a livery stable. Fortunately, he was unmarried. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of former parasites and toadies, whose base natures took advantage of his fallen estate, he was recognized by an old friend, whose warm heart prompted him to give him ten guineas wherewith to purchase necessaries.

Now mark the sequel. This unhappy man expended five guineas in procuring a decent suit of clothes that he might once more appear as a gentleman, but with the remaining five he repaired to a low gambling house, where he increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to White's, sat down with his former associates and won £20,000! The next night he staked and lost it all. His end was such as might be foreseen. After existing many years in abject and sordid penury, he finally died, a ragged beggar, in a penny lodging house in St. Giles's, the "Five Points" of London. Comment on this appalling array of facts is unnecessary.

FRENCH WOMEN.—What labor will not French women undertake? They follow the plough; they keep books; they open box doors; they take tickets at railways; they drag your luggage to the custom house; they cut you your chops and bifsteckx at the butchers; they dance on the tight-rope and on stilts; they buy old clothes; they keep shooting galleries; they enter lions' dens; they measure you for boots; they shave you.

"O, WHAT A FALL!"—The Lynchburg Virginian says that lately there was a general breaking down of seats in the circus. First, there was a great fall in negro stock, and a depression in the wool market. A sudden giving way of their seats let about a thousand darkies down pell-mell, in one tremendous heap. Next went the white folks—men, women and juveniles—all in one conglomerated pile. Damage, slight.

PORTRAIT.—John Riley, a painter, who died in England in 1691, was a very modest man. When he was painting Charles II, the monarch glanced at his canvass, and said: "That me! odds fish! what an ugly dog I am!" which so disconcerted the artist that he had hardly courage to achieve his work. Yet no doubt this king, like Cromwell, wished to be painted as he really looked.

BAD NEWS.—From all quarters it appears that the harvest is abundant. We call this bad news, for we always notice that when wheat is plenty, flour is high, and when cattle are cheap, beef-steaks are twenty cents a pound. This is what speculators do for us.

ROYAL CIVILITY.—The king of Naples lately boxed the ears of an engineer general, who ventured to criticise the system of fortifications for Calabria. His father, it is said, used to treat his wife in the same way.

AGRICULTURAL.—The crop of hops was very large this year. It will be larger during the dancing season—which will also develop the corn crop.

WATER.—It is stated that there are 261 miles of pipes laid to supply the city of Philadelphia with water.

A CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

It is said that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. The next worst use is certainly to flog him. To lay the lash upon the backs of men to whom the honor of their country's flag is committed, on shore and afloat, is only to degrade them hopelessly, and break their spirit. This principle has been long recognized in this country, and is beginning to make its way abroad. Such were the views of a British officer in command of a regiment in Guernsey. Yet he was in a trying position, for liquor was cheap on the island, the soldiers would get drunk, and the lash had usually been resorted to as a punishment for the intemperate and a terror to their comrades. Accordingly this humane officer (we are sorry that we cannot recall his name) appealed to the honorable feelings of his men, resolved at the same time to make drunkenness as unpleasant as possible, without, however, resorting in any case to the lash. He issued an order saying that he would not flog, but trust to the soldier's self-respect for keeping sober on duty.

Next day a man was found drunk and confined. The colonel, accompanied by the surgeon, went to the guard-house and felt the man's pulse. He was declared to be in a fever. Nothing could be truer. He was therefore rolled in a blanket, and four soldiers bore him through the barracks, his comrades all laughing at the care taken of him. On reaching the hospital, the patient was put to bed and blistered between the shoulders, fed on bread and water for a week, and then discharged cured. He was then brought on parade, when the commanding officer congratulated him on his recovery from the fever, and sent him to join his company, where he was laughed at and jeered by his comrades for the space of a week. Many others underwent the same treatment, but the joke, though very amusing to the temperate, ceased to be so to the inebriates. The experiment was completely successful. Not a man of that regiment was flogged in Guernsey after the blister system had been introduced, and in a fortnight after its inauguration, there was no such thing as a man drunk on parade; though the regiment had previously been in a notoriously bad condition.

FALSE PRIDE.

False pride—if indeed any sort of pride is otherwise—is a very ridiculous littleness. There are men who would blush up to the eyes if detected in carrying home a bundle. Yet this sort of pride frequently has a fall, and necessity sometimes works a radical cure. One of our dandy officers in Mexico, who, when in New York, voted it vulgar to carry an umbrella, made nothing of marching to his quarters the bearer of a roasting pig and greens, captured in a foraging excursion. Chief Justice Marshall, when living at Richmond, gave a lesson to one of these over-nice gentry. Nothing was more usual than to see him returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a would-be-fashionable young man from the North, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could hire no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up, and ascertaining of him where he lived, replied, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When arrived at his dwelling, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "O, nothing," was the rejoinder, "you are welcome—it was on my way, and no trouble." "Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the other of a bystander, as Marshall stepped away. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." The young man, astounded, exclaimed: "Why did he bring home my turkey?" "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the answer.

IN MEMORIAM.—A fine marble monument, twenty-five feet high, of the Roman Doric order, has been erected in the Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, in memory of the physicians, druggists and nurses who nobly and generously tendered their services to the Philadelphia Committee for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., last summer, and who fell victims to the fearful epidemic.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.—"As I was being led to execution," says Don Cæsar de Bazan, "an old man of seventy winters threw himself beside the royal carriage, regardless of the heels of the royal mules, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes, exclaimed, 'Pardon, sire! pardon for Don Cæsar!'" "It was your father, perhaps." "There you're mistaken—it was one of my creditors."

MOUNT ARARAT.—Five Englishmen, desirous of getting up in the world, lately ascended to the topmost peak of Mount Ararat. Arrived at the highest altitude, they planted a sword in the snow, and drank the Queen's health. The summit of Greater Ararat is 17,323 feet above sea level, and 14,300 feet above the plain. Lesser Ararat is 19,093 above sea level.

AUDUBON'S "BIRDS."—The Senate added to the general appropriation bill the sum of $9500 for the purchase of 60 copies of "Audubon's Birds of America," to be presented to such foreign governments as have sent valuable books to ours.

POT AND KETTLE.—Alexandre Dumas, the greatest literary thief living, claims nearly a million of francs damages from French publishers, whom he accuses of violating his copyrights. We wish he may get it.

BALAAM.—Some donkey has discovered a design on the part of Louis Napoleon to re-annex Canada to the crown of France. There is the intensest asininity in the supposition.

NEW ORLEANS.—The Crescent City is brilliant, healthy, populous, and driving business, as usual, when the fall sets in.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

To judge rightly of the present we ought to contrast it with the past.

McAllister, the famous magician, died recently of brain fever at Keokuk, Iowa.

This year the income from water rates pays the interest on the whole water debt.

In thirty years, $25,000,000 have been spent in widening Boston streets.

Sanderson and Lannergan, pyrotechnists, keep taking Sebastopol.

Miss Emma Stanley's Drawing-Room Entertainments are refined and attractive.

Mr. Gaillardet, who established the New York "Courrier," has returned from France.

The work on the new College Chapel at Cambridge has been commenced.

The celebrated Mrs. Octavia Le Vert is about publishing her travels.

Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, has furnished means to finish the Philadelphia opera house.

Catherine Hayes did not make a vast fortune in Australia, after all.

A passion for the drama should not be confounded with love for an actress.

Margaret Fuller said she "liked a dry book." Eccentric taste!

There have been more poets lost in writing on Alma than men slain at Inkermann.

It has been asserted that "death's door" is opened with a skeleton key.

It is not true that Arabs living in the desert have "sandy" hair.

The Pope has authorized the establishment of the Pontifical Steam Navigation Company.

Faith is a sheet-anchor dropped beyond the pale of death.

The mother of the king of Oude has been making a sensation in London.

The sainted dead are our best treasures—not lost, but gone before.

A singer, named Tiburini, in New York, professes to descend from the Emperor Tiberius.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler is about to resume her Shakspearian readings.

Trustee, the famous imported English horse, lately died at Morrisiana, aged 27.

Flora Temple now stands confessed as the fastest trotter in the world.

Louis Napoleon has bestowed the grand cross of the legion of honor on Alexander II.

At Brussels, during the late festivals, 500,000 quarts of beer were drunk.

The Russian emperor is buying up all the British screw steamships he can get.

The king of the Sandwich Islands is 22 years old; his English bride, 20.

GETTING AND SAVING.

It is not so much of an art to get money as to save it. The proverb tells us that any fool can do the former, but it requires a wise man to accomplish the latter. Still there is no need of being avaricious, like Lady Hardwicke, the lady of the Lord Chancellor of England, who loved money as well as he did, and what *he got, she saved*. The purse in which the Great Seal is carried, is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during his time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not be provided for the seal bearer's profit, for she annually retained the purse herself, having previously ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of the state rooms at Wimpole. So many of them were saved that at length she had enough to hang the state rooms and make curtains for the bed!

WIFE BEATING.—A fellow in Comersville, Indiana, was recently tarred and feathered for shamefully beating his wife. He was afterwards treated to a ride on a rail. We do not believe he will rail at his wife again in a hurry. Also a man was lately arrested in Jersey City for beating his wife. The papers say that she was three times his size, and in every way his physical superior. She ought to have returned his striking compliment, like the mild gentlewoman we read of the other day, who pounded her spouse with a flat-iron.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Capital punishment has been restored in Germany. The executions will be within the prison walls, in the presence of certain officials and witnesses; but members of the press will be admitted as a matter of course. The implement of death is the axe; formerly it was the sword. Decapitation, when skilfully performed, affords an easier exit from life than hanging.

"PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."—This brilliant sporting journal, started by Wm. T. Porter, Esq., the projector of the New York Spirit of the Times, and its editor for more than a quarter of a century, is fully equal to the old "Spirit" in its palmiest days. It has a brilliant array of contributors, and sparkles like a diamond of the first water.

THEATRICAL "FALL" BUSINESS.—Bowen & McNamee, in digging a cellar next to the Broadway Theatre, undermined the wall so that it caved in, whereupon there was an instant gushing out of painted rocks, cottages, cut-wood, flats and wings. The damage has given rise to a law suit.

GREAT AGE.—A lady, named Singleton, one hundred and thirty-six years old, is living in Johnsonville, North Carolina. She was a grown up young lady at the time of Braddock's defeat, and remembers the incidents of that period perfectly well.

We cannot too highly commend *Ballou's Pictorial*. No family can be in the weekly receipt of this admirable illustrated paper without constantly realizing fresh impulses to love all that is beautiful in art, and also attaining to a vast fund of exceedingly valuable information of localities, and of eminent characters throughout the world, to be obtained in no other way.—*Vermont Watchman*.

THE AGE OF GOLD.—The motto of the present day is—

"Put money in thy purse and cut a dash—
There's nothing to be done now without cash."

☞ MR. F. GLEASON has removed his office from Tremont Street to 222 Washington Street.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." A Tale of 1812. A highly interesting story of events during our last war with Great Britain. By Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Onward," verses by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"There is no time like the present," a story by Mrs. S. F. DOSSETT.

"The Prince of the Forests," a translation from the French.

"Revolutionary Reminiscences of Elizabeth City, New Jersey."

"Lines on seeing Mrs. Keller in 'The Triumph of Gelatea,'" by W. H. C. HOSMER.

"Ursula Julia," a tale by SARAH HAMMOND.

"The Disenthralled," a story by WILLIAM O. EATON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine pastoral engraving depicting the River Side.

A large representation of Windsor Castle, England, one of the residences of the Royal Family

A series of sketches in Elizabeth City, New Jersey; giving a view in Elizabeth Port; representation of Liberty Hall; picture of the Court House and Presbyterian Church; View in the central part of the city; residence of Chancellor Williamson, and a presentment of the Monument to the memory of Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Portrait of Alexandre Dumas, the noted French novel writer and dramatist.

A characteristic representation of a California Cabin at the Mines.

View of a Summer House and Pagoda in the island of Whampoa, China.

A reliable picture of the Harbor of Dover, England, from the Western Heights.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan of Turkey has re-established the navigation of the Euphrates from Bagdad to Bassora.

The epidemic which now prevails at Madeira, is said to have carried off in less than a month 2000 persons from a population of 15,000.

An attempt at insurrection was lately made in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany by 50 young men, who were speedily put to flight by the Gens de Armes at Orbitello.

We hear of disturbances in Sicily, and of collision between the Swiss and Neapolitan troops, and that in consequence two war steamers had left Naples for Palermo in all haste.

The damage to the vine in the wine-growing districts of France and Germany by the *oidium* and *coulour* has been very great, and the yield of wine will be much less this year than in former years.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon has despatched from Plombieres a circular to the Prefects, ordering them in positive and peremptory terms, to allow all the Protestants within their respective districts the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion.

Mr. Bouteniefle, the Russian ambassador, arrived at Constantinople on the 20th of August. The Russians have not evacuated the roads leading to Fayazida. Kars was completely evacuated on the 4th of August. The fortifications were left untouched.

A letter from Turin on the 22d ult., says: "Piedmont is arming and making warlike preparations, as if she were on the eve of a new collision. The fortifications of Alessandria and Cassale are rapidly advancing. The troops are employed in constructing the works."

At a recent meeting in the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Boussingault, while analysing some bottles of water brought from the Dead Sea, declared that Commodore Lynch's expedition had thrown more light on the climate and topography of that region than any the world has yet seen.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.

Blessed is she who has a mother's care, a father's house, and a brother's affection.

Love is blind, and Hymen is the oculist that generally manages to open its eyes.

He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

To be useful, one must be good. Virtue is the mainspring of all right action, and he who has his heart right loves to act right.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess, there would not be so much envy in the world.

To be candid, speak of the present as though they were absent; to be charitable, speak of the absent as though they were present.

The heart of woman draws to itself the love of others as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays—only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty.

Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Nothing else can elevate mankind, say what you will. In idleness, politics, literature, religion, we must work if we would be anything or do anything.

Joker's Budget.

They are particular in Schenectady. A boy was arrested on Monday for spitting into the canal.

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only four ounces.

A southern editor thinks his children are cherubim and seraphim, for, he says, "they continually do cry."

All a man has to do in these days to pass for a genius, is to button his coat behind and wear his hat wrong side out.

It is decidedly provoking to have a fly light on your nose just as the daguerreotypist pulls out his watch and says "Now."

What's the difference between a bantum cock and a dirty housemaid? The one is a domestic fowl, the other a foul domestic.

There is a firm in New York, the name of which is Lay, Hatch & Cluck. The clerks are presumed to be all Shanghais.

A man out West advertises a wild badger, by placard, as follows: "a Bager from the Rocca Mountins—etes ratts, et cetery."

A gentleman once observing that a person famous in the musical profession led a very abandoned life, "Ay," replied a wag, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

We direct the attention of those Benedicks who have very loquacious wives, to the following notice posted in a wholesale ham store in Pine Street.—"*Tongues cured here.*"

A manufacturer in New York has succeeded in making such an improvement in the manufacture of Britannia metal goods that, it is said, he is obliged to warrant them not silver.

Quill and Scissors.

There are now in the city of Baltimore 143 houses of public worship, of the following denominations: Protestant Episcopal, 19; Presbyterian, 17; Roman Catholic, 18; Methodist Episcopal, 40; Methodist Protestant, 5; African Methodist Episcopal, 5; Baptist, 9; Christian Church, 1; Lutheran, 9; German Reformed, 4; Evangelical Association, 4; Seamen's Union Bethel, 1; Friends, 3; Universalist, 1; Unitarian, 1; Swedenborgian, 1; Jewish Synagogues, 5.

The Abingdon Virginian states that H. Jno. Thompson, of Smyth county, Va., repaired to California to seek his fortune when the gold mania first broke out in that region. He spent a year or two there without any apparent success. Before returning, he invested a small amount in land. A few days ago he received information that his land is in the heart of the richest gold region yet discovered, and is valued at $300,000.

In Spain the Cabinet is availing itself of the resources of the law of desamortization, or secularizing the ecclesiastical property formerly held in mortmain. The law is being rigorously put in execution. The Junta of Desamoralization holds two meetings every week and disposes of a large amount of property.

E. T. Reed, Esq., cashier of the Smithfield Union Bank, has in his possession a one dollar note on that bank, which is nearly *forty-nine* years old, having been issued January 1, 1808. It is ascertained that this note remained in the possession of two persons, father and daughter, during this entire time.

The Halifax Journal says the submerged wires between Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island work admirably, and find full employment; and that the other and still greater experiment between Newfoundland and Cape Breton has been quite successful.

In Cincinnati, the steam fire engine, "Washington," recently made the best throw ever made by any machine. Forcing water through four hundred and forty feet of hose, she threw through an inch and a quarter nozzle *two hundred and forty-four feet!*

In Candia, N. H., lately, a party of five young men went out a gunning, and a dispute arose between two of the number, named George Patten and Albin C. Bean. Patten shot Bean in the thigh, near the groin. He died the following day.

The sugar crop at New Orleans, this year, has fallen off nearly or quite two-thirds, or 200,000 hogsheads. The total receipts of cotton at the same port are 1,759,288 bales, which is an increase of nearly a half million bales.

The statistics of Great Britain show that from the cessation of the famine in 1847 up to 1854, the number of marriages was continually on the increase; and that in the latter year, for the first time in seven years, they began to decline.

Dr. Henry A. Remsay, formerly a physician of large practice in Columbia county, Ga., and also an editor, was recently arrested in Mobile for committing numerous forgeries, and to avoid a trial he committed suicide in prison.

Fred. Coller, who lives on Petty's Plains, in Deerfield, and is worth $2000, was caught in the act of robbing a store in that town, and held in $1000 for trial. He stabbed one of the men who arrested him, but not dangerously.

Seth Cheney, an artist of distinction, recently died at Manchester, Conn. His age was about 55. Mr. Cheney's drawings in crayon are said to be among the most remarkable things of their kind.

The London General Screw Steamship Company is about to wind up, with a view to dissolution, on the ground that no such company can compete with enterprising individual capitalists.

The anniversary of the battle of North Point was celebrated at Baltimore, 12th ult. The military paraded, and the Association of Defenders held their usual celebration on the battle-ground.

The large brick paper mill of Messrs. Hall, Deering & Co., in Hampden, Me., was recently destroyed by fire. The loss is over $30,000, which is partially covered by insurance.

The Charleston Courier price current makes the crop of Uplands 3,480,000 bales, and Long Cotton 444,500 bales, and the crop of rice for the United States, 171,000 tierces.

The Bangor Whig says: "From present indications the loss to the farmers upon their potato crops, the present season, will be more general and severe than in any former year."

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Within the past three weeks nine marriages have been solemnized on the Fifth Street ferry boat."

Lieut. Gardner, of the U. S. revenue cutter Taney, was lately drowned in Savannah harbor by the upsetting of a boat.

The real and personal property in Chicago is assessed at $28,675,024.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Nathaniel Appleton to Miss Lydia A. Brewster.

By Rev. Dr. Randall, Mr. William R. Barker to Miss Ellen F. Harvington.

By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Charles S. Faulkner to Miss Mary E. Abbott.

By Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. George Wilson to Miss Isabella Haslett, both of Cambridge.

By Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Mr. D. Bradlee Van Brunt to Miss Ellen Curtis.

By Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Robert A. Nicholas to Miss Sarah J. Marsh.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Henry Lyon, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth T. Hurd.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, Dr. Charles F. Foster to Miss Mary J. Wells.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. Charles W. Carswell to Miss Lucy Jane Pierce.

At Dunversport, by Rev. Mr. Paterson, Mr. William E. Herriman, of Dubuque, Iowa, to Miss Harriet P. Black.

At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr. William C. Howard to Miss Sarah E. Anable.

At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Mellen, Mr. Edward Larkin to Miss Mary Mansfield.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. John A. Leighton to Miss Harriet E. Bailey, both of Georgetown.

At Weston, by Rev Mr. Topliff, Mr. Augustus W. Brooks to Miss Sarah J. Maxwell.

At North Adams, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. P. A. Bellows to Mrs Eliza Holmes.

At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Child, Mr. John Miller to Miss Caroline Peters.

Deaths.

In this city, Widow Lois Lodge, 86; Mrs. Caroline L., wife of Rev. William O. Mosely, 47; Mr. Osgood O. Carleton, 44; Mr. Henry Lyman Whitney, 22; Widow Catherine G. Davis, 78; Mrs. Sophronia D. Page.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Caroline Oakman, 51; Miss Rachel Basset, 66.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. William Parkin, 84.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Sarah Gleason Bass, 62.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Mary Ann Short, 50.

At Watertown, William Stone, Esq., 76.

At Medford, Miss Nellie A. Bangs, 13.

At Dedham, Mrs. Lydia M., wife of Leander C. Remington, Esq., 51.

At South Natick, Mrs. Mehitable B. Perry, 42.

At Woburn, Mr. Thomas F. Plummer, of Newburyport, 21.

At Cohasset, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Stoddard, 21.

At Westboro', Widow Sarah Fay, 80.

At Gloucester, Mr. William H. Robinson, 25.

At Newburyport, Dea. Thomas Hervey, 80; Mrs. Alice Cilley, 39.

At Worcester, Mr. Daniel L. Lewis, 40.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Alice, wife of Mr. John A. Sowle, 65; Mrs. Abby G. D'Wolf, 41.

At Uxbridge, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Rev. Samuel Clarke.

At Leicester, Mr. Waldo Whittemore, 42.

At Springfield, Mr. William Loudigan, 49; Mrs. Electa Sackett, 86.

At Nantucket, Capt. David Paddock, 79.

At Monument, Mrs. Rebecca Perry, 67.

At Middleser Village, Rhoda Adams, 81.

At Taunton, Rev. Josiah Tucker, 65.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ROSES ARE FADING.

BY ROBERT B. MCKAY.

The roses are fading
Like darkness at morn;
The roses are fading,
Their beauties are gone.
Those ones that were brightest
Are passing away;
To cheer and delight us
Why do they not stay?

The queen among flowers,
No perfumes now shed,
Though still in our bowers,
She's withered and dead.
O why doth she leave us?
Why will she not stay?
When the parting doth grieve us,
By hastening away.

But thus it is ever,
With ones that are dear;
Death soonest doth sever
The brightest ones here.
The ones that are nearest
And twined round the heart;
Those ones that are dearest,
The soonest depart.

And so with the flowers,
Like things here below;
When we think they are ours,
No more them we know.
They leave us in mourning,
The spots of their birth;
Still they leave us a warning
How frail is all earth.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY COUSIN ANNIE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"I HAVE news for you, Mary," said my fair young cousin, entering my room one morning with her sweet face all smiles and dimples, and something evidently amusing her very much.

"It must be very pleasant news to judge from your bright eyes, Annie, so let me hear it at once. Good news has been very scarce at Birch Hall of late days."

"I am not certain that you will call it 'good,' but it is none the less amusing." And then she laughed outright. "Violet is very young to be married."

I was astounded at her words, and well I might be, for Violet was my cook, and all unrivalled as she was in her profession, and setting aside her many other good qualities, she was without exception the most hideously ugly black woman I ever beheld; the African features were actually caricatured in her countenance, and not even our long acquaintance with her could soften in the least the impression of her unchangeable ugliness. That she should ever marry had not seemed to me within the bounds of possibility, and I felt inclined to doubt the truth of my merry cousin's communication.

"I can see in your eyes that you don't believe me, Mary, but it certainly is true; and the happy lover has just returned from California. He is cook on board some vessel, she says."

"You seem to be much interested in the match," said I, a little crossly.

I did feel annoyed at losing the best cook I had ever had, and could not help feeling vexed with Annie for appearing so delighted at what gave me uneasiness. It also struck me as something strange, that the beautiful, wealthy, accomplished Annie Weston should give even a passing thought to anything so far removed from her usual sphere of observation, as the marriage of my cook. In fact, I was quite puzzled to account for it, and told her so.

"We, dear Mary, we are such strangers to each other yet that it is no wonder you are unacquainted with my 'loves and aversions;' but know, O most doubting of cousins, that weddings are my chiefest delight in this world, my strongest passion; that, in fact, I have a marriage mania. A wedding! My dear girl, what visions of cake and compliments, wine and white satin, kisses and kid gloves, bouquets and bridesmaids, the word calls up; what recollections of fun and flirtations, mirth and music, of pretty faces, merry laughter, and happy hours. And yet, will you believe it," and here her face lost its joyous expression and became very sorrowful, "some of the most painful recollections of my life are connected with weddings.

"I can scarcely remember when I first acquired this taste for weddings, but have a vague idea that it was from seeing my Sabbath school teacher united to our young minister, on which occasion we children, some fifty or sixty in number, were all invited to take tea in the great dining room of the bride's father's house, and where we all assembled, trying to look very stiff and womanly in our white dresses and flower wreaths, and where I tried to seem unconscious that my wreath was too large, taking sly opportunities to push it up on my head and keeping very still, until, unluckily, the 'happy pair' came in to speak to us, when in the excitement my unfortunate garland slipped down over my eyes, and from that unto my shoulders, where it remained in spite of all my efforts to put it in the proper place again. I have attended numerous weddings since then, and as I have promised to give you a sketch of my life, I think the best way will be to give you a short history of each of these affairs, as they will serve to illustrate my otherwise uninteresting story."

As I knew my cousin was an interesting "story teller," I willingly agreed to this pleasant proposition, only stipulating that she should commence at once with her history; but this she would not agree to. "O, no, not this morning; but you make haste and get dressed while I tell Moses to get the carriage out."

"Why, where are you going?" I asked, in astonishment.

"To the city; but there, don't ask questions, and do have your bonnet on when I come down." And she hurried out of the room as if something of the utmost importance filled her mind, while I, knowing what a tyrant she could be, never thought of disobeying her orders, but proceeded to dress as fast as possible.

"Come, Mary, Moses is waiting." And drawing on my gloves, I hastily followed my little torment to the door, where our sable factotum was trying to soothe the impatience of the prancing ponies.

Seated and off, I found time to admire my beautiful cousin, as she leaned back in the carriage and appeared lost in some interesting calculations, to judge from her frequent use of tablet and pencil.

It was a clear, cold, wintry day, and the frosty air gave a brighter hue to Annie's fair cheek, and slightly tossed the bright, golden curls that clustered under the becoming little bonnet. And that bonnet itself, what a charming little contrivance it was!—what a wonderful combination of blue velvet and black lace, ostrich plumes, French flowers and blonde bordering. But then everything that Annie Weston wore looked well on her, from the magnificent Cashmere that she wrapped about her so carelessly to the little glove that seemed made for her hand, or the black satin slipper that so well became her pretty foot. And now while she is so busy with her pencil, I will take the opportunity of telling the reader a little more of the history of my fair cousin than he or she already knows.

Annie Weston's father was a captain in the British army, and having lost his wife at the time of his child's birth, he ever after devoted himself to that child, and supplied as far as he could the place of the parent she had lost. His love for his daughter was boundless, and consequently he always arranged that wherever his regiment was ordered there his child should also come, and being a man of handsome property, these journeys were made very delightful to the young lady, who knew but little of the hardships and miseries that so frequently attend military life.

As Captain Weston's regiment had for many years been on foreign stations, and continually moving, Miss Annie had seen no small portion of the world, and naturally of a happy disposition and bright, intelligent mind, she had become at nineteen, a most interesting and agreeable companion. To her father, she was the sunshine and joy of his existence. With him her word was law—hence her wilful ways,—and to please her, his constant aim and attention.

It was at this time that the Eastern war broke out, and several of the regiments stationed at the "British Colonies in North America" were summoned home and despatched to India. Captain Weston was overwhelmed with anguish when the order came for their immediate embarkation (I should have said before that they were at this time at Bermuda), and knowing well the impossibility of his daughter's going with him into the interior, and the dangers that would surround her if left alone at Calcutta, in that strange land, without one friend, and liable at any moment to fall a victim to the death-dealing fevers that prove so fatal to European constitutions in India, all these considerations induced him to leave her in America under my care and protection.

For three years I had led a very quiet life in the comfortable home left me by my husband, and so contented was I with the state of my affairs that I felt some little selfish regret when my cousin's letter arrived, asking me to take charge of his young daughter. I was his only near relative, and the moving appeals that he made to my feelings were not to be denied. I wrote to him immediately, consenting to take the responsibility, and sympathizing with him in the keen suffering such a parting must bring.

I immediately made preparations for the arrival of this strange cousin, of whose existence I had hardly ever heard before, and recollecting that she was motherless, and with scarcely a female relation, save myself, in the world, I resolutely banished all regrets about my invaded solitude, and when she came, gave her as warm a welcome as my calm, reserved habits would allow. There was soon a great change in my hitherto quiet, steady-going household, and this change was brought about by the presence of my beautiful charge, who effectually banished gloom and silence from the old mansion, and in their place brought sunshine and mirth.

But I have devoted space enough to these remarks, and will let Annie tell her own stories in her own way. I was soon enlightened as to the cause of our hasty journey to the city on the morning I have mentioned, and could not forbear laughing to myself as I saw of what her purchases consisted. It was all very well to give Violet a white dress and ribbons, but the sight of an enormous pair of gloves, a quantity of delicate blonde, and a magnificent white rose, quite overset my gravity, and I volunteered some remonstrances that were very coolly disregarded. My wilful cousin paid for her purchases, had them placed in the carriage by the bowing and obsequious shopman, and in five minutes more we were on our way home.

"Wont she be a beautiful bride?" was the first remark my hopeful companion made.

"But, my dear girl, don't you think you could have given Violet something more suitable—something she could have worn afterwards?"

"There now, no lectures; you know I can't stand them. Besides, Violet is the vainest creature I ever knew, and I am determined her love of finery shall be gratified for once. Only fancy her great black head decorated with such a cap as I intend to make her, and that beautiful rose in contrast with her horrible face! Of all the weddings I ever saw, I know this will be the best." And she laughed long and loudly at the ridiculous picture her fancy had conjured up.

As it was useless to expect anything rational from Annie until the momentous preparations for "Sweet Violet's" wedding were well under way, I lent all the assistance I could; and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little wilful beauty quietly seated at the formidable task of hemming the fair bride's snowy flounces, of which there appeared to be an indefinite number, and the first of which she so daintily held in her little fingers.

I must here just mention, as an illustration of my spoiled pet's eccentricities, that she had never in her life made herself a dress, or in fact scarcely any article of attire; that she had a great dislike to that delight of more domestic and steadier feminines, viz., a quiet afternoon's sewing; and yet she voluntarily undertook the preparation of my Violet's "bridal array," and that with an intense interest that actually puzzled me to account for.

"I know you are dying for a story this afternoon, my most patient cousin, and as all virtues ought to be rewarded, your's shall not be the exception. But, seriously, I don't feel in a very sprightly humor to-day, so if you have no objection, I will give you a little history that I alluded to the other day, when I said that one of the most painful memories of my life was connected with a marriage. Perhaps you don't know—and if you don't, I must tell you—that three years ago this winter, we were at Quebec, and papa quite unexpectedly met an old friend in the person of a Major McIntire, who had left the army and settled down on a comfortable little farm in Upper Canada, on the banks of a river between Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay.

"It did not require much persuasion to induce papa to let me accept the old major's warm invitation to return home with him and see his children,—said children, by the way, being half a dozen full grown men and women, not one of whom acknowledged to less than six feet altitude, and of whom I must confess I stood in most abject fear for the first forty-eight hours after my arrival; but their warm-hearted kindness soon made me forget their dangerous size, and finding that they had none but the kindest intentions, I overcame the imaginary terrors that at first made me run for my life, if one of the 'boys' even looked towards me.

"I must not stop to tell you all the sleighing parties, skating parties, dancing parties, quilting parties and sewing parties I attended that winter. In fact, our lives were one constant round of excitement, and as that is an atmosphere I was born to live in, you may be sure I lost no opportunity of dipping into the cup of pleasure so freely offered to me.

"One only drawback there was to my delight, and that was the uncommon scarcity of weddings. The very height of my expectations would be crowned, if I could only see a real country wedding, and when hope had almost given way to despair, the welcome news was announced at the breakfast table one morning, that the owner of the next farm was about to take unto himself a wife, and that the affair would come off on the evening of the third day hence.

"At first it seemed too good news to be true; but when a formal invitation came, with a special reference to "Miss Weston," there was no longer room to doubt, and we were at once plunged into a sea of confused preparation, of which I have but a very indistinct recollection, save that there was an indefinite quantity of pink and blue muslin cut up, and that Mr. Allan McIntire brought home a new plaid vest of the most alarming pattern, giving me an unpleasant impression that he was partly enveloped in flames. The eventful evening arrived at last, and as the weather had been unusually mild for the last three days, it was not considered safe to cross the river on the ice as we had always done, and a longer route, that took us over a beautiful bridge, was preferred.

"On arriving at the house of the bride's father, we found quite a large party assembled, including the minister; but the hero of the evening, Walter Allison, had not made his appearance. The bride was a pretty, little, delicate thing, with dark blue eyes, that filled with tears every time she looked at her mother, and soft, shiny brown hair that needed no ornament to add to its beauty.

"I had felt so much satisfaction, and indulged in so much excitement, that the reaction that now took place occasioned me to feel quite sad, and I sat in a shady corner of the room watching the fine young bride, as she quietly moved about among her friends, with a strange foreboding at my heart that I could in no way account for. How much longer I could have borne these distressing sensations I am unable to say, but just as I was deliberating on the propriety of going across the room and joining a party, who, in low tones and with much suppressed laughter, appeared to be enjoying themselves very well, a loud, rumbling noise filled the air, causing every one to start to their feet, while a dozen voices exclaimed with one accord, 'The river! the river!—the ice! the ice!'

"The first roaring was succeeded by a louder noise, like heavy thunder, and then came a crash that shook the house to the foundation, and every one rushed to the door and out on the little field in front of the house, where they could overlook the rushing and roaring waters that now swept past, carrying enormous masses of ice, sometimes high out of the dark stream, and again tumultuously rolling over and over each other.

The crashing and thunder-like sounds were awful in the extreme, and for some minutes not a word could be heard by any of our party. But gradually, as the waters grew clearer, the noise became less, and the first thing I heard was Allan McIntire shouting in my ear something in which the words 'Walter' and 'on the ice' were painfully distinct. I could not hope to make him hear me, but I knew by his look that he understood my mute assent, and that we shared the same fear.

"The moon, which all the evening had been hazy and dull, now shone out bright and clear, and we all saw the dark figures of a number of men moving about the opposite bank, and from the flashing of lights, and hurrying to and fro, it was evident that something was wrong. One glance at young McIntire's pale countenance and eager eyes was enough for me, and with a sickening faintness at my heart, I returned to the house.

"I cannot describe the look of utter despair that had settled on the young bride's fair face, or the helpless grief that showed itself in her attitude, as she sat with her head leaning on her mother's arm, and her hands, weak and nerveless, hanging at her sides.

"There was something singular in the general conviction that seized the wedding party, that young Allison had met with some dreadful accident, for as yet we had no proof of such misfortune, save that he had not made his appearance among us. But those who attempted to comfort their friends with this suggestion, did it with pale faces and trembling voices, and all felt that silence and patience were the only resources left us. It came at last, the expected blow, but none the less severe that we had looked for it.

"There was a sound of many horses in fierce, wild galloping—a shout, loudly answered from the groups within and without the house, and then the door was flung open, and a dozen pale, dripping figures burst in among the now terrified and screaming guests. One, only, of all the females present was calm and fearless, and that was the pale young girl, whose bright hopes the past few hours had so cruelly crushed.

"'There's a jam at the lower bridge,' said the foremost of the intruders, in low, hurried tones. 'Come, every man of you, we may yet save the body!'

"The pale girl had half crossed the floor towards the speaker, but as these words rung through the room, she fell lifeless at his feet, and was carried to her chamber, while the hurried tramping, and then the dull silence, told us that the stranger's request had not been unheeded. Wearily, wearily the long hours that night dragged past; but daylight came at last, and with it the party from their unsuccessful search.

"It was my first experience in sorrow, and months passed ere I could recover from the effects of the shock received that dreadful night. It was an awful awakening from the childish dream that I had indulged so long, of earthly happiness; but time soothed my shattered nerves, and at last I could listen calmly to the sequel of this sad story, as it was told to me by Miss McIntire, some three or four months after my return home. The young bride had long wavered between life and death, but at last the worst danger was over, and she once more moved about her home, silent and uncomplaining, but with feeble steps and bowed form, as though her great sorrow had bereft her of strength or support. The mother—Walter Allison's mother—had gone down with sorrow to the grave. It was too heavy a blow for the poor widow, whose only hope and comfort he was, and from that dreadful night she lost all interest in worldly affairs, and was only impatient to leave the scene of her sorrows.

"I thought I never should like weddings again, that my passion was completely cured; but change of scene, and the constant round of visitors and visiting, that papa liked so well, drove my sad thoughts away, and in less than a year afterwards, I had a hand in a little romance that nobody suspected anything about. But I shall not tell you any more stories to-day, for I cannot sew fast enough while I talk, and you know there is no time to be lost."

"I am only going to give you a little sketch to-day, Mary; so don't be disappointed if it does not come up to your expectations. It is a particularly interesting recollection for me, as I was a prominent actor in the affair, but to you it may seem dull. Nearly twelve months after my visit to Upper Canada, we were in H——, and I renewed an acquaintance I had formed some three years previously, with a Mrs. Captain Belson.

"As Mrs. Belson had no family, was very rich, lived in splendid lodgings, and was very fond of me, it pleased papa that I should often go to see her; but though we kept up an apparent friendship, it was all on one side, I never liked her, and it was no use for me to try to. The most extravagant, careless, fretful, repining disposition that you could imagine, would fall far short of Mrs. Belson's; and yet she was surrounded by every luxury that wealth could command, or the most capricious taste could fancy.

"To her husband she was not even civil at times, and the only earthly thing she appeared to love was an asthmatic spaniel, so fat and lazy that life seemed a burden to it. She kept a young girl purposely to wait on herself, to read to her, and to be scolded when she had nobody else to vent her ill temper on. I was much struck with the beauty of this poor victim, and on learning her history, felt a deep interest in her. She was an orphan, and one of a large family, who, on the death of their father, had been obliged to leave a comfortable home to seek a living in the city. Having been recommended to Mrs. Belson by a lady who took an interest in her, she was gladly taken and offered such wages as she did not feel herself justified in relinquishing, hard as her lot proved to be.

"There was a look of patient trouble in her large black eyes that always made me feel unhappy, and I sincerely wished that I might in some way be of service to the poor slave of my friend's caprices. I little thought, then, how soon my wish would be granted.

"In answer to a hurried note from Mrs. Belson one morning, I went directly after breakfast to see her, and found her in the last stage of ill temper, so perfectly exhausted with rage that she was all but speechless. On inquiring the cause of this display, I learned from Laurie, her French dressing-maid, that poor Bessie Mason had confessed to her mistress, the night before, that she had a lover, that he was a soldier, and worse than all that he was one of those under orders to leave, and for whom the transport was waiting in our harbor. Laurie did not attempt to describe the scene of the previous night, but shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head in a manner that was very expressive.

"'Bessie go, madam, de fit after de fit,' was her mode of describing Mrs. Belson's hysterics.

"Finding I could be of no service, I went home and spent the day in sorrowful regrets over the fate of my pretty favorite. I knew she would not be allowed to go in the vessel, nor would her lover be allowed to marry her even under a promise that she should remain behind. I puzzled my head all day about her, and when evening came, was as far from a satisfactory conclusion as ever.

"Papa was on duty, and I had no one to advise with; but I was very glad afterwards that it happened so; for after the servant had carried away my tea things, and I had composed myself for the evening with a good fire, a bright light and a pleasant book, I was startled by a sharp knock at the door, and before I could lay down my volume, my parlor door was hurriedly opened, and in came Bessie Mason.

"There was a wildness in her black eyes that almost frightened me, and as she stood for an instant and looked steadily in my face, I saw that her countenance was deathly pale, and not a vestige of color remained even in her lips. It was but an instant she stood; the next moment she was on the carpet at my feet, grasping my hands in hers, and with the tears streaming down her face.

"'Help me! help me, Miss Weston—you are the only friend I have now.'

"'Sit down calmly, Bessie, and tell me what the trouble is,' I replied, trying to steady my voice and to raise her from the floor.

"'No, no—I shall never be calm again. Do not ask me to get up until you say you will help me.'

"'I will help you, Bessie, as far as I can, but I am afraid my influence will be of no service to you. If it was our regiment, now, papa might be able to do something for you.'

"'No one but you can help me, Miss Weston, for Colonel Martin positively forbade William to get married, and we were married last night.'

"'O, Bessie!' I exclaimed, really frightened now; 'for I knew the consequences of such disobedience, 'I am afraid you have done wrong to let William disobey such orders.'

"'No, no! not wrong. I could not have lived here, knowing he was going away off to the war alone. You would not say I had done wrong if you ever loved any one as I love him.'

"'Well, I am very glad I never did love anybody, Bessie; but that does not prevent my pitying you, and I will do anything at all for you if you will only tell what it is you want.'

"'I want to go with him, Miss Weston, and I must go; but I cannot carry out my plans unless some one will assist me a little; and since my sisters have found out that I was keeping company with a soldier, they wont speak to me, nor let me come to the house; and so, in my trouble, I thought of you, Miss Weston—for you always seem as if you liked me, and that's why I took the liberty of coming here to-night.'

"'Well, that's all right enough, Bessie, and I am glad you thought of me; but even now, I don't see how I can help you. What are your plans?'

"'I am going on board the vessel to-morrow as a sailor boy.'

"'Why, Bessie, they will find you out and send you on shore in half an hour. I am afraid that plan wont answer.'

"'O, I have thought of all that, and William says that one of the ship's boats will be ashore to take in some of the officers from the 'Lower Fort;' that I must be there and ask them to take me to the ship with them, and when once out to sea they can't send me back.'

"There was something in Bessie's plan that rather interested me, and I willingly assisted her to make the necessary disguise—cutting off her beautiful black hair to the proper length, and collecting such articles as she had forgotten to bring with her, viz., a pair of worsted mittens and a colored comforter for her neck, as they were all helps to assist in the disfiguring process.

"I did not tell papa anything about my project, as I thought it was not worth while to involve him it, and he could do no good. Bessie slept in my room, unknown to any one, and at early dawn we were up and busy with our preparations. The transport was to sail at eight o'clock, and we had three miles to ride before we could reach the place of appointment; but as papa went on board to spend the last few hours with his friends, we had an excellent opportunity to carry out our designs undisturbed.

"Bessie's lover had provided her with a sailor suit, which was twice too large for her, but we covered up all defects under an overcoat that Mrs. Belson's brother had left at our house, and for the appropriation of which I promised to be answerable.

"You know I am not of a very nervous temperament, but I can assure you my heart beat quickly as we left the house and walked to the coach stand. Bessie was admirably disguised, and the knowledge of her danger seemed to inspire her with courage; for she stepped with a firm resolution, as if prepared to dare the worst. I wore her bonnet and shawl, with a thick veil drawn over my face, and at that hour in the morning did not fear meeting with any of my acquaintances.

"Our ride was a silent one, both hearts being too full for words. We stopped within a few rods of the landing place below the fort, where I paid and dismissed the driver, and then, as we stood on the rising ground, we could see the tall masts and snowy sails of the transport, just coming round the point, while over the blue waves came the expected boat, tossing the white spray from her bows, and steering directly for us, and at the same moment a party of gentlemen came round a sudden turn in the road on their way to the landing. I never felt so much at a loss what to do in my life, for their inquisitive glances disconcerted me, and I felt that one wrong move now, and poor Bessie's hopes were at an end.

"They passed us, gaily laughing and chatting, all but one, and he, after a moment's hesitation, came up to where we stood, and very politely asked if we wanted to 'send a message by the boat.' There was something in his tone and manner so kind and friendly, that I instantly resolved to ask his assistance, and in a few words told him that the boy wanted to go on board, but I feared the sailors would refuse to take him. He gave one quick glance at Bessie, and another at me, and I saw that our secret was known; but my fears were as instantly relieved, for he turned carelessly towards the landing, and said:

"'I will do my best to persuade them to take him. But come, my lad, we must not keep them waiting—the boat is here.'

"I held out my hand to Bessie, and I saw the stranger smile as his eyes rested on my fingers with their beautiful rings, so dreadfully in

contrast with my common bonnet and shawl, but again he turned away, and I knew that I might trust him.

"'I am not going on board myself, but I feel certain that my friends will interest themselves for this young man.' He bowed low, and I hastened away.

"For twenty minutes I hurried up the hill on my homeward way, and then I stopped to look for the vessel. She was just opposite where I stood, and half way between her and the shore was the boat, and—O joy!—there was my sailor boy's rough fur cap, in striking contrast to the glazed hats of the men and the neat military caps of the officers. Again I hastened on my way, and now, the excitement over, I could not keep back the troublesome tears that blinded me. A quick step at my side startled me, and there was my new friend.

"Before I could speak, he raised his cap, and with the most respectful bow, begged leave to accompany me to the city.

"'You must pardon my presumption, but I am confident you are not used to walking unattended, nor is it proper that you should do so on this road.'

"I felt annoyed for a moment, but thinking how kindly he had relieved my anxiety a few minutes before, I conquered my pride and accepted his offer of escort as candidly as he had made it. We stopped for an instant to take a last look at the noble ship, now under full sail and fast leaving the land; and then, as we pursued our walk, I told him Bessie's story, taking care not to give him any clue to my own name.

"'I guessed your secret,' he said, laughing.

"'I knew you did,' I answered. 'But now that I am within the city, I cannot consent to detain you any longer.'

"And so we parted, Mary, and I have never seen him since. We soon after went to Bermuda, and when I told papa what I had done, I was very careful not to say much about my polite friend, for he had such objections to my making acquaintances among his military friends that I thought the least said the better.

"Bessie wrote to me when they arrived in India. She was not discovered until they were far out to sea, and then the gentlemen with whom she had come on board, interested themselves so much about her that one of the officer's wives took her under her protection. The ladies all joined in fitting her out with plenty of clothes, and she was comfortably cared for during the whole voyage."

"And did you never learn the name of your hero, Annie?"

"No. I never dared to make inquiries. Besides, there were so many officers in garrison at that time that it would have been useless to attempt to find out by describing him."

"And have you never felt as if you would like to see him again?"

"I have, many times. Often, when out riding with papa, I have looked up at the grim walls of the old fort, and wondered if he was there yet, and once when I was shopping in H——, with some ladies of our acquaintance, I thought I saw him crossing the street; but I was mistaken, and they teased me not a little for starting and turning pale at the sight of the handsome Captain Belmont. But what makes you ask me so many questions about him, Mary?"

"Because I think I can tell you the name of your unknown cavalier."

"Nonsense, Mary, you don't mean it."

"I do, indeed. I once heard a young gentleman speak of that adventure in this very room, and from one circumstance of his seeing your hand, I know it must be the same. I could not attempt to repeat all he said about the 'little white fingers' that so cleverly betrayed you; but he is quite as anxious to discover who the 'unknown' is as you are."

"But his name, Mary—his name."

"Captain Percival Stewart, and he is the only son of that dear old Mrs. Stewart that we went to call on last week."

"What! at the little Paradise?"

"Yes."

The day came at last, so anxiously looked for by my cousin, when Violet was to become Mrs. Cæsar Diggs, and I was to lose the best cook I ever had.

It was not until the very last minute that Annie was satisfied with her arrangements, and then having hung up the last garland, and pinned the bride's last white ribbon, she ran up to her room, and in a few minutes came down again, looking so fair and beautiful with her white dress and sunny curls, that I could not help clasping her in my arms and kissing her again and again. She was in high spirits and laughed and talked with almost childish glee about the grand wedding, the beauty of the bride, and the comic gravity of the whole party assembled on the occasion.

She had insisted on bearing the expense of the little festival herself, only getting my permission to hold it at our house, and several times during the evening she came to tell me how pleasant it was to see people happy. "I am so happy myself that I enjoy seeing the others merry, too. I feel to-night as if I should never be sad again in the world."

Poor child, at that hour, next evening, she lay prostrate and weeping on her couch, in silence and darkness, suffering the keenest sorrow that could rend her heart. Her father, her kind, indulgent father, was no more! He had died on shipboard, and his child in the first paroxysm of her grief, wildly reproached herself for not accompanying him. It was a severe blow, and for months I tried in vain to cheer her drooping spirits, and divert her mind from the one sad thought that continually occupied her.

The spring came with its birds and flowers, but my cousin had lost all interest in her once loved employments, and passed the beautiful days in her chamber, with closed doors and darkened windows. I was unceasing in my endeavors to save her from the consequences of her injurious indulgence of sorrow, and one day heard some news from a gossiping neighbor that gave me fresh hope.

I hastened to Annie's room and asked her to accompany me on a visit to a sick friend. I expected a refusal, and was prepared to meet it, and so pressingly urged my request that she at last complied, though very unwillingly. I gave her no time to repent of her promise, but harried her off, and kept her so busy talking that our walk seemed much shorter than it really was.

Looking with astonishment at the house where we stopped, she asked, eagerly, was "Mrs. Stewart ill?" but our entrance prevented my giving her an answer, and as the lady herself came forward to meet and welcome us, Annie said no more until we entered the pretty little parlor, where we found an occupant in the shape of a very handsome, but exceedingly feeble and delicate looking young man.

One glance at my cousin's face was sufficient; I saw she recognized the stranger; and I introduced them, watching at the same time the effect of her voice on the poor invalid, for as such had Percival Stewart returned to his home. After we had conversed some time, Percival appeared to discover something familiar in his companion's tone and manner, for fixing his dark eyes on her, he asked her if it was not possible that they had met before. Annie blushed, and I hastened to say that it was very probable they had.

"I have almost lost my memory, and in fact my mind has become quite shattered from long suffering, but still I have a faint recollection of meeting Miss Weston somewhere before. I wish I could remember clearly." He put his hand to his head, and laid back again on his sofa cushions with a heavy sigh.

I saw the tears in Annie's eyes as she bent over him and half whispered, "Can I help you to remember?" She had drawn off her glove, and as his eyes fell on the thin white hand, a flush of joy for a moment dyed his pale cheek.

"I searched for you till searching was vain, and now when I am dying you have come to comfort me."

He pressed the little hand to his cheek, and closed his eyes as if weary with the effort of speaking.

At this moment, Mrs. Stewart came to the door and beckoned me out. She was suffering much anxiety, and eagerly asked my opinion of the state of her son's health.

"He has so little hope that I am afraid to indulge any myself. God help me if my boy should die! He is my all!"

I comforted the mother as well as I could, and after some further conversation, we returned to the parlor.

Percival still held my cousin's hand, and I fancied, as we entered the room, that I saw him press it to his lips. Annie drew down her veil and rose to go.

"You will come again soon? Your visit has done me good already."

On my way home I asked my cousin what she thought of him.

"He is dying from low spirits and disappointment," she replied.

"We must try to cure the first, and he will soon be able to bear the last."

"Mary, you will think it strange conduct, but I have promised Percival Stewart that I will be his wife if he lives to claim my hand. I do not think he would have made such a hasty proposal if he had been quite in his right mind; but you see how weak he is, and I did not dare to refuse him."

"But you have done a very serious thing, my little girl. Are you sure that you can love Percival well enough to fulfil your promise?"

"Quite sure, Mary."

It has always been my plan to let love affairs take their own course, having long ago come to the conclusion that interference does no good, and frequently much harm. I had known Captain Stewart from his boyhood, had perfect confidence in his principles, and felt that my cousin could not bestow her hand and fortune on one more worthy.

I soon saw a change in Annie myself. She no longer secluded herself to indulge in unavailing grief, but joined me in my walks and rides as usual, and of course always accompanied me on my visits to the Stewarts.

Percival was long an invalid; but when the autumn sun shone bright and warm on our pleasant old mansion, he had gained sufficient strength to return our visits, and wander through the fine old orchard, plucking the choicest fruit, and weaving garlands for Anne out of my most precious flowers. They were married in the spring, and Annie's home is in the "Little Paradise" she had so greatly admired.

Percival never quite recovered his health, but their ample means prevents all necessity for his exertion, and with his books, his flowers, his music and his lovely wife, he finds numberless reasons to be thankful, and I believe has a grateful appreciation of his many blessings.

Mrs. Stewart still holds her position as housekeeper and head of the family—Annie, with comic horror, having refused to touch the keys or assume the least control. I made no remark, but I knew that, with her usual tact, my cousin had done precisely what she knew would please her mother-in-law; and I felt convinced that she would be a source of happiness to the old lady, who never was blessed with a daughter of her own. My opinion has proved correct.

In the course of our acquaintance, Annie has told me a number of interesting recollections of military life, some of the best of which I intend at some future time to put into readable shape.

THE GREATEST WONDER YET.

Calvin Edson, and all the fat women, dwarfs and giants, are eclipsed by a man now on exhibition at Havana, who was born without either legs or arms, but who, having tenaciously set himself to work to conquer the inconveniences naturally consequent upon such deprivation, has made himself a wonder by the variety of his feats. Among other things, he announces that he is able to spin a top with such perfection that it will hit any spot named, to spin a dollar over a table, and put it in his left ear and take it out again, to make a knot with a halter, to thread a needle, to ascend and descend a ladder, to uncork a bottle with a corkscrew, to load a bowling piece and kill anything designated, or put out a candle with a simple wad—quite enough wonders for a man without either legs or arms.—*Hingham Patriot.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MYSTEROUS RINGING.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

We were moving gently along over a smooth sea, with hardly breeze enough to keep the sails drawing. The night was beautifully clear and starlight, and the weather being warm, our watch by the time two bells had struck, unable to overcome the sense of drowsiness with which they were oppressed, on account of having nothing to do, had, with the exception of a youngster on the lookout, stretched themselves upon deck, and not a few of them were wandering in dreamland. Silence reigned throughout the ship. Not a sound was heard but the occasional flapping of the sail against the mast as the wind sometimes died away for an instant and the "measured tread" of the officer of the watch as he paced up and down the quarter-deck.

Three bells were at length struck by the man at the wheel, and were immediately answered by the lookout striking three upon the bell on the forecastle. This aroused the sleeping watch for an instant, but seeing every appearance favorable for a continuance of pleasant weather, they one by one dropped off to sleep again, after an injunction from one of the men to the boy on the lookout, to keep a good lookout—not only ahead, but to see if the mate started to come forward; and in case of his doing so, to "rouse 'em up, quicker."

But a little time had elapsed, however, before they were—to use the expression of the old salt "roused up quicker," not by the mate's coming forward, but by a violent ringing of the bell upon the forecastle, which brought the sleeping watch to their feet so suddenly, that the very next moment when the officers of the watch came forward, he did not at all mistrust but what that portion of the crew of the old ship Huntress over which he was lord and master, at least every other four hours, was as watchful a set of men as ever sailed under the stars and stripes.

"Who struck that bell?" said the mate, addressing the watch.

As no one replied, he repeated the question; but not getting an answer, he turned to the boy upon the lookout.

"Joe," said he, "did you ring that bell?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, who was nearly frightened out of his senses by the "thunder-like tones" with which he was questioned.

"Do you know who *did* ring it?" continued the mate, in the same gruff voice.

"No, sir," said Joe.

"Men, did you hear that bell ring a moment ago?" said the mate, turning to the men.

"Yes, sir," was the immediate reply from them all.

"And does any one know who rung it?" continued the mate.

No one replied.

"Singular, indeed," said he "that the bell should have been rung so violently, and yet, nobody knows who rung it; but never mind, it's all right *this* time, but recollect, if that bell ever rings again, anything more than the regular half hour 'strikings,' I shall expect that you will all be able to tell who rung it, in case I should be so inquisitive as to wish to know."

He then turned and went aft, and everything was soon as quiet as it had been before the ringing of the bell; excepting the men were discussing in low tones the affair of the ringing, and wondering who could have been the perpetrator of such an imprudent act.

It was finally agreed upon, however, that some one belonging to the other watch must have come upon deck, and seeing our watch fast asleep, had thought to have a little fun at our expense; so pulled the bell-rope and went immediately below again, thinking the mate would come forward and find his watch sleeping upon deck, and in that case look out for fun; but, as it happened, we were not caught napping, which we heartily congratulated ourselves upon.

Any one of the off watch could easily have come upon deck and rung the bell, and had ample time to slip into the forecastle before we were sufficiently aroused to have seen him. So it was unanimously concluded that the aforesaid ringing of the bell must have been caused by some evil disposed person in the other watch, for the purpose of getting us "worked up."

We knew to our sorrow that none of them were sufficiently troubled with the article called conscience, to prevent them improving any opportunity which might offer for getting us into a row with the mate, who, by the way, was not the best specimen of human nature that ever sailed the salt seas; but in this case (let it be put down to their credit), not one of the other watch had a hand in the ringing of the bell, as our story will soon show.

When our watch went below at eight bells, we had nearly forgotten the affair of the ringing; but we had hardly got "turned in," when what should we hear but the forecastle bell ringing again, and this time louder than before!

"What the deuce are you ringing that bell for?" sung out the second mate, from the quarter deck.

The ringing suddenly stopped—but the next instant, the above named officer made his appearance forward amongst the men.

"What in the name of all that's salt, have you been ringing that bell for?" said he. He looked first at one and then another; but they all denied most vehemently having touched the bell-rope, or being within reach of the bell at the time of the ringing.

"One thing is certain, then," said he; "you either lie most prodigiously, or else some lubberly scoundrel in the other watch has had hold of the bell-rope; anyway, it wouldn't be healthy for ye to let me hear that bell ring in that manner again, that's all."

Having thus delivered himself, he started to go aft, but he had hardly got abaft the mainmast, when ding-ding-ding, went the bell. He immediately turned and went forward again, but this time without speaking, until he had got amongst the men; when he merely remarked that he'd give a month's wages to know who rung that bell.

He was interrupted by the oldest man in the watch, who stepped forward and said:

"Please sir, I was standing within four feet of the bell all the while; and upon my word and honor, sir, nobody touched the bell-rope."

"Mighty't it be a ghost that did it?" remarked another old salt. "It's more than once afore to-night I've thought the old ship was haunted; no longer ago than last night, sir—"

"Hush up that gab o'yourn about ghosts!" interrupted the second officer. "I don't believe in the article, myself."

He had hardly ceased speaking, when ding-ding went the bell: but this time only two separate strokes, and not nearly so loud as before.

Reader, if at that identical moment you could have seen the aforesaid officer, you would have been inclined to think that he did believe in ghosts; notwithstanding his disclaimer to the contrary; for his face was, at the least calculation, three shades whiter than before the last two strokes of the bell, and with his eyes fixed upon the rope, at the moment the bell struck.

"By Jove! Jack," said he, turning to the man who first hinted as to the probability of their being a ghost on board, "I agree with ye as regards the old ship being haunted; for I can testify that no live man was near that bell *that* time, anyhow."

It was now a fixed fact that the bell had not been rung by any one in either watch, and of course, if no one in the ship's crew had a hand in it, it must have been done by some supernatural agency; at least, such was the conclusion the watch upon deck had arrived at, when the captain, who had been awakened by the bell ringing out of time, came upon deck and made his appearance among them.

"What's all this disturbance about, Mr. Ashton?" said he, addressing the second mate.

The officer stated the facts to him, as related above, and was "backed up" by the statements of the whole watch; but for all that, the captain did not believe in the existence of ghosts in general, nor on board his ship, in particular. He resolved to investigate the affair himself; and much to the mortification of the second officer, he declared that he didn't believe the bell could ring when he was on deck without his knowing who rung it; but for all that, the bell *did* ring, the moment he ceased speaking.

He sprang immediately to the bell, and examined it closely; he saw nothing, however, which confirmed him in his belief that the ringing was caused by some one of the crew. The bell-rope was laying upon deck in plain sight, and he was certain that no one had hold of it *this* time. After giving as his opinion that it was "bloody strange," he went below, and made no further attempts to investigate the matter that night.

We heard no more of the mysterious ringing for some time; and, strange to say, for the past day or two, there had been *several things* spoken of on board, that did not in any way relate to ghosts.

This state of things was not destined to last, however, for one dark night while our watch were sitting in a group on the forecastle, spinning yarns, the bell suddenly began to ring. This caused a general stampede from the forecastle, not one of our watch daring to remain. The captain was on deck at the time and immediately gave orders for calling the other watch; then after sending all hands to the quarter deck, he sent the lookout on to the forward with orders to remain there until called down; then stationed himself within a few feet of the bell to investigate if possible the cause of the ringing. After waiting some time, without hearing anything more of it, he began to curse the author of the ringing, whether man or ghost, when he was interrupted by the bell slowly beginning to toll. If at that moment a hurricane had struck the ship with everything set, he would not have started to his feet quicker than he did then. As before, he examined the bell, but could find nothing in the least out of the way. The bell had ceased tolling, however, upon his starting to his feet.

He made no further attempts to investigate the affair, as he was pretty thoroughly convinced that his men were innocent concerning this matter, if never before.

We heard no more of the ringing during the rest of the voyage: but when we arrived at Calcutta, our men, with one or two exceptions, left the ship, declaring that no inducement whatever could prevail upon them to make the homeward passage in her.

For my own part, I resolved to stick by the ship; for I had no doubt that sooner or later, we should ascertain the cause of the mysterious ringing; and we did the very first night after getting in port, although up to the time of our arrival, I had not the slightest idea of how it was done, nor did any one on board know the cause of the ringing, with the exception of my humble self, until after the arrival of the ship at New York.

Close by the after part of the forecastle where the bell was hung, was a large sheep pen. The top of this pen was about upon a level with the lower part of the bell. Upon the night of our arrival at Calcutta, all hands went ashore, with the exception of the cabin boy and myself. We were to keep an anchor watch until twelve o'clock, then were to be relieved by the second mate, and the only foremast hand besides myself who had not left the ship. The cabin boy had the watch from eight to ten; then, as I supposed, went immediately to his bed. He did not sleep in the forecastle, with the men; but he and the steward occupied berths in the store-room. I relieved him at ten o'clock, and had not been on deck more than half an hour, when, as I stood leaning against the taffrail, I saw him come slily upon deck and look around.

I thought in an instant that Jim was up to some mischief, and resolved to keep watch of his movements, although I pretended not to see him. Judge of my surprise, when I saw him go forward and climb into the sheep pen.

In a moment more, ding-ding went the forecastle bell, in precisely the same manner it had done so many times at sea. I now saw through the whole matter. Our whole crew had been nearly frightened out of their senses by the mischief of that boy. Now that I saw through it all, the affair looked so perfectly ridiculous, I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and it was several minutes before I could compose myself enough to go forward and ascertain "how it was done."

As soon as I could check my laughter, I went forward softly and tried to look into the pen, but it was so dark I could see nothing. The greater part of the pen was covered with a flat roof. I went aft and got a lantern, and hiding it underneath my jacket crept forward to the pen, and suddenly taking the lantern from my jacket, held in over into the pen. There, underneath the covered part, sat Jim (the cabin boy), with a piece of stout wire in his hand, about four feet in length; and looking decidedly more sheepish than all the regular inhabitants of the pen put together. I burst out laughing again. Jim, upon seeing this, knew that he had nothing to fear from me, so immediately owned up; then showed a specimen of his ringing. The young scamp had left his berth, unnoticed, upon the nights when we had heard the ringing; and having watched his opportunity, had gone forward, and into the pen. The back of the pen was boarded up perfectly tight, but in one of the boards near the top there happened to be a knot which he could easily slip from the board into the pen. He could then put his wire through the knot hole to the tongue of the bell, and ring at pleasure; taking care, whenever they came to examine the bell, to withdraw the wire, and slip the knot into its place.

The knot fitted so perfectly that if we had examined that part of the pen near the bell we never should have mistrusted that the unseen agent of the ringing was within the pen. Jim played a dangerous game, however, for if the captain or either of the officers had caught him at it, we reckon the *fun* would have all been upon the other side of the question. As it was, I promised not to report him, unless he should get to cutting up more "rustics," but to this day I cannot help laughing, when I think of the circumstances connected with the ringing of that bell.

A LIMIT TO POWER.

Many of the political friends and adherents of General Jackson, during his administration, believed that the old hero was equal to any undertaking, however difficult or desperate. A Virginia drover, however, once expressed an opinion during the height of old Hickory's popularity, that there was actually one thing, that even he was unable to do. The story is thus related:

As a delegate to the Abington Railroad Convention was returning home, he overtook a drove of several hundred cattle, when the following dialogue passed between him and some of the drovers:

"Well, gentlemen," said the delegate, "you have muddy times of it; but in a few years you may possibly have a better way of getting cattle to market."

"In what way, stranger?" asked the drover.

"Why haven't you heard that a railroad was to be made from Knoxville down to Lynchburg?"

"Well, what is that to do with driving cattle? I suppose they can't travel on a railroad."

"No; but it is said they may be taken in pens on a railway. What would you think of a large pen containing fifty or a hundred beef cattle, mounted on wheels, and travelling along a railroad at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour?"

"Now, stranger, do you think it possible for such a thing as that to be done?"

"Why, such things are spoken of."

"Well—it may be so—I never saw a railroad—*but I'll be shot if General Jackson himself could do it!*"—*Lycoming Gazette.*

A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest.

"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly:

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes, a "soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity, the companion of a clear conscience. It is sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow, than those parents, whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke, and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in their day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, and when old age comes on, you may lay down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—*Christian Freeman.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of the paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new type, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year, ... $2 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *twelve* subscribers at the last rate shall receive the *thirteenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4 00.

☞ Travelling agents are not employed on this paper

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 WINTER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRENCH, 121 NASSAU STREET, New York; A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. BLAKEY, 103 Fifth-St., between 4th & 5th, Cincinnati; J. A. ROTH, 63 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis; SAMUEL RESPESS, Louisville, Kentucky; WALLACE, ADDEN & BUM, 25 Clark St., Chicago; TRUBNER & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, agents for Great Britain and Europe generally.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SAYING, ALL IS OVER NOW.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The regal summer's host of flowers
Were whispering to the wind,
And southern shadows marked the hours
For lighter hues designed;
With meek hands folded o'er their bloom,
They to the cool breeze bow,
And, as if conscious of their doom,
Say, all is over now!

We sported through the sunny hours
In robes of gaudy hue;
We decked the green embosomed bowers,
Where maidens came to woo;
We lingered on the sunny plain,
We crowned the hillock's brow—
The valley held its floral train,
But all is over now.

When Summer drooped her head and died,
She left her children lone;
And Autumn comes, with steps of pride,
To take her vacant throne.
We fold our robes—we hide our bloom,
And to the mandate bow;
The frost king lends our final doom,
And all is over now.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BERTHA ALTON'S COUNTRY LOVER.

BY ANNIE CLAIR.

"It is not right, Bertha, you know it is not, to treat Harry Weston in this heartless manner."

"In what have I offended, gentle cousin?"

"You promised to go with Harry to the picnic to-morrow afternoon, and not five minutes since, I heard you make an engagement with that insufferable coxcomb, Fred Wilson, for the same hour we were to start for the grove."

"And is that all, dear Grace?" cried Bertha Alton, with a wild, ringing laugh; "but how can one expect you to understand such things, when you have spent all your life in the rural districts, away from civilization?"

"But I think you ought to have kept your engagement with Harry; for he is very sensitive, and I think he has met with but little of kindness. He has been left an orphan since he was an infant, and it is said Mr. Stanley has not treated him well. Come, send an excuse to Wilson, that you had made a previous engagement."

"I shall do no such thing; but you may tell Harry that I had forgotten I had made an engagement with Wilson. I shall not reject the attentions of such an accomplished gentleman as Wilson, for those of a country farmer. I relinquish all claims in that direction to your ladyship, and hope you will have a pleasant time at your excursion."

"But it will not be true, Bertha, that you had made a previous engagement with Wilson; therefore I shall not tell Harry so. I shall give him the true reason, or none."

"Well, please yourself, then, it does not matter much. I only flirted with Harry because he seemed to be the reigning favorite; but since Wilson's arrival the wind is in another quarter."

"I hope you will not suffer for this heartlessness, Bertha; you surely would not think of marrying Wilson?"

"Marrying Wilson! Who but you would ever think of such a thing? Still, I don't know, if he has a plenty of that 'root of all evil.' I have not ascertained yet how that is; but I tell you, Grace, I must be mistress of a splendid establishment; I must have the gay and fashionable world worshipping at my shrine. I must be second to none in wealth, rank and influence."

"But surely you would not purchase these at the expense of happiness?"

"At the expense of happiness! I tell you these things and happiness are identical. But I see you are displeased with me. Up here in the wilderness, you see, there is nothing to amuse one, but a little flirtation, otherwise I should die of melancholy. But, Grace, do not wear that sober face any longer, it is not becoming; and—hush—do not speak, I cannot listen to any more moralizing at present; but to make some atonement for the slight you think a 'dear friend' has received, I will tell you a bit of a compliment. When you left the room yesterday, Fred wished to know if you could not be persuaded to accompany us to-morrow. I told him of your engagement, and he did not urge the matter, but replied, 'That cousin of yours is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, present company excepted; and what a graceful figure, and what a lovely complexion.' I declare, Grace, it is improving this minute. Ah! cousin mine, I would not like you for a rival after a year's existence in fashionable society; but what do you think of the compliment? I would like to know how highly you appreciate it?"

"At its *true value*, Bertha."

"O, there comes Fred up the avenue; and now for my bonnet and shawl. *Au revoir*."

The reader must pardon us if we digress a little, while we give a short sketch of the individuals thus unceremoniously brought before them.

Harry Weston was the adopted son of a farmer who lived among the hills of the 'old Granite State,' and from his earliest youth was inured to labor and to poverty. From his childhood he had evinced a great desire for a thorough education, and at the age of twenty-one, he had, by hard labor in the summer, and teaching in the winter, found means to fit himself for college, and was on the following year to enter an institution in his native State.

About this time he became acquainted with Bertha Alton, who with some good traits of character had two bad ones: one, she was a worshipper at Mammon's shrine, and prized wealth and display above everything else. Another was, she was a coquette; there was no disputing the matter—it had never been doubted since the time when at children's parties, she would deny a kiss in order to have it stolen, and then run pouting into the corner. She, like Harry, was an orphan, and lived with an aunt, who, though not rich, contrived to keep up appearances, at the sacrifice of domestic necessities. She had early instilled into Bertha the idea that wealth was one thing needful, and educated her with the end, that she was to be mistress of a splendid establishment, always in view.

She had come from her city home to spend the summer with Grace's parents, for the first time since she was a child of three years old. Young, and very beautiful, she had been completely spoiled by flattery the first season that she entered the fashionable circle, where her aunt had reigned before her, its brightest ornament. Nor was Mrs. Gray yet tired of the homage she had commanded so long, and there was but little affection between her and her niece, whom she looked on as a mile stone to remind her of the length of her journey.

What Bertha might have been with different training is not for us to decide. Now she was proud, imperious and impulsive, and encouraged and sought Harry Weston's attention notwithstanding the resolution she fancied he had made to avoid her. Previous to her arrival, he and Grace had many a pleasant walk through the village, for Harry loved to tell her his plans, while the blood would rush to her cheek, and the fire to her eye, and she would speak words of encouragement, and predict for him a bright and brilliant future. But on cousin Bertha's arrival, these pleasant walks were discontinued, and in their place were boat-rides, picnics, and horseback excursions, and various other kinds of amusement, until Grace thought she did not have a quiet moment to herself.

But notwithstanding all this, Bertha declared she had never seen so dull a place, and heartily wished herself back in the city. Grace wished she was there, too, though she never owned so much, no, not even to herself, but she saw Harry was changed since the arrival of her handsome cousin, and it was with pain she saw her trifling with one whose every thought she believed was true nobleness. Bertha knew there was a struggle in Weston's heart, but she did not doubt that in the end she would conquer; for when had she failed in any conquest she had set her heart upon?

And she did not *now* fail. They went the whole round of lovers' experiences. They flirted and quarrelled, then became reconciled, and took morning rides and moonlight promenades; they read in the same volume, joined in the same dance at the village festival; but still the word love had not as yet been spoken by either.

But the time came. It is an old saying, that "birds of the air carry news;" whether true or not we do not pretend to say. But in some way Harry heard a rumor that he was not the only one the lady smiled on, and jealousy got the mastery; and in a paroxysm of doubt he revealed the full extent of his affection. Bertha smiled favorably on his suit, and with one of her most bewitching smiles, and with the most apparent earnestness, requested him not to doubt her; and for a brief season they were apparently very happy in each other's society.

Had Bertha fully understood the heart she was trifling with, she would have paused a moment ere she won and then cast it away for one with whom she had formed a slight acquaintance in her city home. Frederic Wilson had followed Bertha Alton, after a short acquaintance, during which he became fascinated with her beauty and brilliancy, into the country, to spend the remainder of his college vacation in her society.

Without being absolutely dissolute or vicious, he was possessed of no fixed principles, and without any particular aim in view, seemed to live a sort of butterfly life, thinking only of present amusement and gratification. Possessed of an ample fortune which would soon be at his own disposal, he did not see the use of troubling himself about the future, forgetting that in a country where the wheel of fortune is ever rolling, the princely merchant or millionaire of to-day may to-morrow be cast from his proud eminence, and obliged to labor with his own aristocratic hands for the comforts of life. There was a gleam of triumph on Bertha's face, as she saw Wilson had followed her to her country residence, and she thought he would be a far more eligible subject to display as a new lover, than the high-minded and honorable, though humble Harry Weston.

She had made an engagement to accompany Harry and Grace on a picnic excursion on the day of the commencement of our story. But a few moments after Weston bade her adieu, ere "Mr. Wilson" was announced; and Bertha, being a little ashamed of the unfashionable appearance of her country lover, determined, during the stay of the city beau, to treat him with a cold indifference which she doubted not would be readily forgiven should she again choose to favor him with her smiles.

There was a shadow of disappointment that passed over Harry's brow, which Grace did not fail to notice, when she told him Bertha would not accompany them; and she thought he did not enjoy the afternoon much. When returning home they met Wilson and Bertha, who seemed so much occupied with each other's society that they did not recognize Grace or Harry until they had almost passed; and then a cool bow from the gentleman, and a cool bow from the lady, caused the blood to tinge her cheek and a tear to start to her eye, more for her companion's sake than for her own.

Every haughty feeling was aroused when Harry saw the true state of things. The idea that he had been deserted for one like Wilson, was very mortifying to his pride; and though he was not one to love, when esteem, the necessary prelude to love, was gone, yet it was a long time before he could meet her calmly, or treat her with the cold politeness of the time when they first met.

But all this did not evidently cause Bertha much trouble; her pride was gratified, in the knowledge that he once loved her, and she gloried in the thought that one whom her cousin could not win in her whole lifetime, had offered his homage at her shrine on the short acquaintance of three weeks.

Wilson's visits were now made almost daily, while Bertha who had ascertained that he was the possessor of a large fortune, strove to draw him to her side by a display of all the accomplishments she was mistress of. But while seated at Bertha's side, and playing with her fan, or discussing the merits of the last novel, or the talents of the new theatrical star his eyes would seek the window where Grace was engaged with her embroidery or book, with no slight interest.—It was late in the evening, and Grace sat alone in the little parlor. Bertha having got tired of waiting for Wilson, had retired to her chamber, a few moments previous. Grace was somewhat sad this evening, for Harry Weston had that day taken leave of her to commence his collegiate course at Dartmouth. He had always been so kind to her that she loved him as a brother—so Grace thought—for she had not yet analyzed the feelings with which she regarded him.

The door was softly opened, and before Grace was aware that any one had entered, a form was at her side, and the words, "Miss Lindon," caused her to give a sudden start, and she saw Frederick Wilson.

"Please to be seated, Mr Wilson, and I will call Bertha directly."

"But it is no Miss Alton that I came to see; as I passed the window I saw you were alone, and I entered to have a few moments' conversation, if you will do me the favor to listen."

Again she motioned for him to be seated, wondering what he had to communicate. He placed himself at her side.

"It is but a short time that I have known you, Miss Lindon, but short as the time is, I have learned to love you; do not start, but listen to me—hear me, I have—"

"But Mr. Wilson, I cannot listen to you; you have been my cousin's constant companion for the last few weeks, bestowing on her all a lover's attentions, and now to insult me with a declaration like this. Go, and I will forget it."

"But I love her not! O, Grace, I love her not; ever since I have known your true, noble soul, uncontaminated by the conventionalities of frivolity and fashion, this heart has been faithful to its worship of thee. I am weary of the hollow talent and glitter which have surrounded me from childhood; of the heartless, useless life I am living, with myself. I am weary of the world, and all but you, that it contains. But O, Grace, give me but leave to hope, and from this hour I will commence a new life; I will endeavor to make some being the wiser, and better, and happier, for my having lived. Give me only leave to hope, even at a far distant day, when I shall be more worthy of you, and you shall see that with that hope of your love, I will become a different being."

"I cannot give you a shadow of hope; but indeed I wish you happy; and believe me, you can be so without the poor reward of my love; there is a higher purpose to live for, than human approbation; there are tears to be wiped from the eyes of the sorrowing; there are many faint and weary ones that bow in anguish, not thinking that a kind Father ordains all in infinite goodness and wisdom."

"And with you to counsel and direct—but I see by your averted face, that it is useless to say more—Farewell," and pressing her hand to his lips, he was gone. * * *

"Strange, Wilson has gone without taking leave of me," said Bertha Alton one morning, as she and Grace sat gazing out of the window; "but it is getting so dull here. What has become of Harry Weston?"

"He went away last week to Hanover."

"O yes, I had forgotten. It was too bad to win him from his allegiance to you, sweet cousin; but, indeed, I did not know that it would cause that cheek to flush and the voice to tremble at the mere mention of his name."

"It is not that, Bertha; you know he never cared for me, but I believe he loved you, and it was not worth causing a pang to a heart like his, for the mere gratification of an idle vanity."

"But then it is so pleasant to think I have listened to three declarations of love, and next Wednesday is my seventeenth birthday. It is strange Wilson should have left me as he did, after taking the trouble of coming here, when he might have been at Newport or Saratoga; but never mind we shall meet again, and I will repay him for past neglect." * * *

Four years had fled by, each one ladened with changes and histories of its own, since Bertha Alton and Grace Lindon sat in the little brown cottage home of the latter. Those four years had proved sad pages in Grace's life history, for during that time her parents had gone to immortality, leaving their eldest daughter the guide and protector of their three younger children.

Mr. Lindon had not possessed a large share of this world's goods and the cottage was sold to pay the expenses of his illness. The clergyman who lived in Grace's native village, offered to take the two younger children until something could be provided for their support, and Grace had taken the situation of governess, and her salary enabled her to support herself and one of her sisters who was now attending a school a short distance from the city. * * *

"The invitations are all given out, Bertha, are they not?" said Mrs. Gray, as she sat in her elegant drawing-room, gazing intently into the face of her companion.

"They are all sent, with the exception of Mrs. Montague's, but I have hesitated about sending hers. She patronizes Grace so much, that I fear she will be angry if she is not included in the invitation."

"I invite a governess! and the talented and aristocratic Mr. Weston to be one of the guests! I do not fancy it would be a very pleasant party to her. With the exception of Mrs. Montague, there will be no one for her to speak to the whole evening."

"But she met Wilson the summer that I spent at Uncle Lindon's, and he would not fail to recognize her. But after all, I do not think Grace will accept the invitation. Your coldness has entirely frightened her away, and it is a long time since she has called here."

"Ah, trust me for that; I saw how it would be when she was so constantly calling to see you, and I took particular pains to let her know her visits were not acceptable. I do not think she will come; and we may say in the note 'Mr. and Mrs. Montague and Miss Lindon, etc.' But this Mr. Weston; I never heard of him till the last two weeks. Since that time I have heard of nothing else; who is he? and where did he come from? He is wealthy, of course; did you not say he was intimate with the Pembertons?"

"He is very intimate with Colonel M——, and through him became acquainted with the Pembertons; whether wealthy or not I do not know, but it does not matter, for he has talents and eloquence that Colonel M—— says will win him a proud eminence in political life. I understand he has already received an appointment at Washington. I do not know what there is about this Mr. Weston, but there is surely something very familiar in his countenance; I think I must have met some one that had a slight resemblance, but I have never seen one half so noble and distinguished-looking; and then I think he must have felt the same with regard to me, for when I was introduced at Mrs. Hamilton's, he said something about its being so long time since had seen me, that he scarcely recognized me; and then when I looked up inquiringly, he saw by my looks that I did not know him, and apologized by replying that he met so many strange faces he might be pardoned if he sometimes made a mistake of the kind; but he showed me more attention than any other person present, with the exception of John Pemberton. I am glad he is so soon to be married; and aunt, you must spare no expense in my dress for this eventful evening, there is no knowing what the result will be."

"No expense shall be spared, Bertha, but you must remember that this game cannot be played much longer; and before two months have passed, the auctioneer's flag will wave over this door; but by that time you must be mistress of another mansion; and it will be your own fault if you are not so."

"Do not fear for me, aunt; it took some manœuvering to bring Wilson to a declaration, but it came at last; when I replied, that never having thought of the matter, I would like a month to reflect on the affair, before that time the distinguished lawyer—but no more, it is time to call the carriage to go out and purchase the dress for the coming occasion.

It was late on the evening of the assembly at Mrs. Gray's, and anxious eyes were turned in the direction of the door, but all to no purpose. Bertha Alton had never looked more beautiful. The broad, dark braid of hair wound round her head, just above her forehead, gave an almost regal appearance to that superb face. The rounded arms were encircled with bracelets of pearls sprinkled here and there with diamonds, which glistened like stars in the midst of clouds. The dress of white satin fell in graceful folds around the queenly form, as she moved around the apartment, while murmurs of "brilliant," "beautiful," ran around the room. If he could only see her now—so Bertha thought, but he came not; she had been told that he went but little into such assemblies, but she had thought he would come to-night. She did not condescend to notice her cousin Grace, who was quietly seated in a corner with her simple muslin, without ornament, save the single rosebud in her hair. Once, only once, Mrs. Gray had spoken to her, and then the words: "So you came this evening? Bertha thought you would not, you went into society so little since you lost your parent," caused the tears to start to her eyes, and the regret that she had yielded to the solicitations of Mrs. Montague to be present at the assembly. But hark! Miss Pemberton, Colonel M—— and Mr. Weston are announced.

Bertha Alton was leaning listlessly on Fred Wilson's arm, without hearing half the remarks he addressed to her, but suddenly her eyes flash with new light, the smile plays around her mouth, and the bloom on her cheek betrays strong emotion. She withdraws her hand from Wilson's arm, and there was no lack of animation now, for she did her best to please, as she stood at the side of the admired and gifted stranger.

Weston was indeed a fine and distinguished-looking man, with large, full, hazel eyes, fringed with long, black lashes, and his countenance at that moment was half serious. His features were marked and fine, combined with great vigor and character of expression, varying with every changing feeling or momentary emotion. After conversing a few moments with Bertha Alton, he retired to the recess of a window, and stood gazing upon the crowd down the room; soon his eyes rests on a fair girl, of a sweet loveliness that might have won from the most fastidious that admiration given to personal beauty. But Weston had grown indifferent as well as fastidious, and why should his eye rest there with more than its wonted interest?

Soon he crossed the room and with frank cordiality reached out his hand.

"I trust I do not need an introduction here," he said, a moment afterwards, placing himself by her side.

How little he needed it the flushed cheek and trembling hand which he had detained might have told him, but not for worlds could she at that moment have spoken.

"You seem quite retired, this evening, Grace; you must still allow me to call you Grace, for it seems so cold and hollow to use formality to one who was my earliest friend and companion. But see, the guests are about descending to the refreshment room; please allow me to conduct you?"

Bertha saw Weston leading her cousin through the hall, and she gazed in amazement. Where *could* they have met? But from parts of the conversation which she heard, the past all came back to her mind; and overwhelmed with mortification and disappointment, she did not again seek his society, but at the expiration of Wilson's month of probation she became his wife, and removed with him to a distant city. * * *

Years have passed away and Harry Weston's movements have been chronicled, as matters of interest to the public. But to sketch the progress of such a character through the shifting scenes of his upward career; to observe him in his associations with the great, the daring and acute, should be the work of a more gifted pen. One simple incident shall close our story:

"Who do you think, dearest Grace," said the Honorable Harry Weston, to his wife, "I have engaged for my private secretary?"

"I am sure I cannot imagine."

"The husband of Bertha Alton, that was; he has spent a large fortune, and this morning came to me for employment, so I took him for a short time on trial."

Jester's Picnic.

A dozen of old captains were seated around old Uncle Johnny Cuppershill's grocery store one winter's day. Says old Captain Ben Nash, "I guess I got more in the West Indies for herrin' than any other man about this place."

"How much did you get, Uncle Ben?"

"Well, you see, I was bound to the Windward Islands and a market, and just as I had got all my cargo aboard, I was cythering on my log slate how long I should possibly be from home, when I found I should, with luck, reach Kitt's about Lent. Thinks I, I'll take a barrel of herrin' on speculation. I had a good passage, and got there just in the nick of time, and sold 'em off well."

"How much did you get, Uncle Ben?" said some one of the old salts, who was busily engaged in hand-ling notes to try to catch Uncle Ben out; "how much did you get?"

"Well, I can't say exactly how much, but I put the money back into the barrel after the herrin' was out, and I could scarcely crowd the bung in."

"How much did you get apiece for the herrin'?"

"I sold 'em for a dollar apiece," said Uncle Ben.

"Ah, yes. Well, now Uncle Ben, at a dollar apiece for your herrin', you couldn't have half filled the barrel."

"Well," says Uncle Ben, "that's all very true, but I sold the pickle at five dollars a spoonful."

A hard boy—that same "Ancient Mariner."

At a very excellent hotel, not a hundred miles from our parts, they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand.

"Now, Barney," said mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup the first thing—serve soup first."

"Bedad, I'll do that same" said the alert Barney.

Soup came on, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came up to the last one.

"Soup, sir," said Barney.

"No soup for me," said the man.

"But you must have it—it's the rules of the house."

"Darn the house!" exclaimed the guest, highly exasperated. "When I don't want soup I won't eat it. Get along with you."

"Well," said Barney, with solemnity, "all I can say is jist this, it is the regulations of the house, and not the drop else will ye get till ye's finished the soup!"

The traveller gave in, and the soup was gobbled.

Squire J—— recently aspired to represent this place in the next legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he seizes all favorable opportunities to address the million. A few nights since, there was a caucus at the school-house, when Squire J—— delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows:

"I say, fellow-citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and calamount to all others, and he who cannot put his hand on his heart, and thank God that nothing is rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—I say, gentlemen, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—" With earlier remarks in it," shouted out the shrill voice of a person anxious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous.

One of our eminent lawyers, of Irish descent, was engaged some time since to defend an Irishman who had been charged with theft. Assuming the prerogative of his position, the counsel, in a private interview with his client, said to him—"Now, Patrick, as I am to defend you, I want you tell me frankly whether you are guilty or not. Did you steal the goods?" "Faith, then," says Pat, "I spose I must tell yes. In truth, I did stale 'em." "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here and disgrace your country by stealing," said the honest counsel. "In truth, sir, may be I ought; but, then, if I didn't stale, you wouldn't have the honor and credit of getting me off."

About the time gold pens first came in vogue, a certain parson—whose name, of course, we must not disclose, but who was noted for his pomposity—happening into a Broadway bookstore, and taking up a gold pen proceeded to examine it.

"Ah, Mr. ——," says the bookseller, "that is just the thing for you; you had better take it along."

"Ah, no," responded the minister, "I cannot practise such extravagance. At the present I must be content with the productions of a goose."

"That is just the case with your congregation," replied a waggish member of the parson's church, who stood by.

An Irish laborer, who was in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was on one occasion about going to a fair, held annually at a neighboring village, when his master endeavored to dissuade him from his design. "You always," said he, "come back with a broken head; now, stay at home to day, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings." "I'm sirver and all obliged to your honor," replied Darby, "but does it stand to reason," added he, flourishing his shillelagh over his head, "does it stand to reason, that I'd take five shillings for the grate baling I'm to get to-day?"

"Mr. Filkins, you say you know the defendant; what is his character?"

"For what, sir, spreeing or integrity?"

"For integrity, sir."

"Well, all that I can say about Jones is, that if he's honest, he's got a queer way of showing it, that's all."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just this, that the night before he dines on turkey, somebody's poultry coop is always broken open."

"That will do, Mr. Filkins."

A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and who, during his travels, had cultivated a great crop of whiskers and moustaches, visited a relative whose little girl had been his especial pet. The little girl made no demonstration towards saluting him with a kiss as usual.

"Why, child," said the mother, "why don't you give your old friend a kiss?"

"Why, ma," said the child, with perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place!"

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, general. They won't be contented without it." The man of the iron will instantly thought of the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up by exclaiming—"*Et pluribus unum—tempus non non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo?*" The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for miles.

Dumps on Debt.—"It must be confessed that my creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the *day after* I have spent all my money. I always say to them: 'O, you have got a fine gall, of a sweet loveliness that might have won from the most fastidious that admiration given to personal beauty. But Weston had grown indifferent as well as fastidious, and why should his eye rest there with more than its wonted interest? come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving too late. It's my belief they do it on purpose."

A young apprentice to the shoemaking business lately asked his master what answer he should make to the oft-repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?"

"Answer, Tom?" says the master; "tell them that I warrant them to grow good, and if they do not, that I will make them *good for nothing*."

A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open. He says it is an impossible for an ignoramous to keep his jaw closed, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell shut.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1280 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
8 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *twelve* subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the thirteenth copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together, by one person, $4 00 per annum.

*** Travelling agents are not employed on this paper. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, No. 22 WINTER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. BAILEY, 102 Vine St., between 6th & 6th, Cincinnati; J. A. ROTH, 41 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; R. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis; SAMUEL EDMONDS, Louisville, Ky.; WALLER, AGNEW & BURR, 32 Clark St., Chicago.